POEMS,

BY

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

IN

THREE VOLUMES,

WITH LARGE

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS,

To which is prefixed the Life of the Author.

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THE GHOST.

BOOK III.

IT was the Hour, when Hufwife Morn
With Pearl and Linen hangs each thorn;
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their Muſe with country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to brooks and bow'rs,
To pick up Sentiments and Flow'rs;
When dogs and Squires from kennel fly,
And Hogs and Farmers quit their ſty;
When my Lord riſes to the Chace,
And brawney Chaplain takes his place.

Thoſe Images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly underſtood,
Sagacious readers muſt allow,
Proclaim us in the country now.
For obſervations moſtly riſe
From objects juſt before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in critic wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who ſhall dare to ſay he's wrong?)

And ev'ry paſſage aptly join
To bring about the one deſign.
Our friends themſelves cannot admit
This rambling, wild digreſſive wit,
No—not thoſe very friends who found
Their credit on the ſelf ſame ground.

Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
Sunk in the ſolemn, formal dunce,
This coxcomb ſhall your fears beguile——
We will be dull—that you may ſmile.

Come, Method, come in all thy pride,
Dulneſs and Whitehead by thy ſide;
Dulneſs and Method ſtill are one,
And Whitehead is the darling Son.
Not he whoſe pen, above controul,
Struck terror to the guilty ſoul,
Made Folly tremble thro' her ſtate,
And Villains bluſh at being great,
Whilſt he himſelf with ſteady face,
Diſdaining Modeſty and grace,
Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
Thro' every mean and ſervile ſin,
Yet ſwear by Philip and by Paul,
He nobly ſcorn'd to bluſh at all;
But he, who in the Laureat chair,
By Grace, not Merit, planted there,
In aukward pomp is ſeen to ſit,
And by his patent proves his wit;
For favours of the great we know,
Can wit as well as rank beſtow,

And they who, without one pretenſion
Can get for fools a place or penſion,
Muſt able be ſuppos'd of courſe
(If Reaſon is allow'd due force)
To give ſuch qualities and grace,
As may equip them for the place.

But He—who meaſures, as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling proſe,
And is too frugal to diſpenſe
At once both Poetry and Senſe,
Who, from amidſt his ſlumb'ring guards,
Deals out a charge to ſubject Bards,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of ſleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates paſs for law
With Beaux, who ſimper all around,
And Belles, who die in ev'ry ſound.
For in all things of this relation,
Men moſtly judge from ſituation,
Nor in a thouſand find we one,
Who really weighs what's ſaid or done;
They deal out cenſure, or give credit,
Merely from him who did or ſaid it.

But He—who, happily ſerene,
Means nothing, yet would ſeem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can diſpenſe
With all that humble inſolence,
Which Impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modeſt men can reach,

Who adds to Sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,
And drawls out Morals with an air
A gentleman would blush to wear,
Who, on the chasteſt, ſimpleſt plan,
As chaſte, as ſimple as the man,
Without or character, or plot,
Nature unknown, and Art forgot,
Can, with much racking of the brains,
And years conſum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, ſmirking, call'd the thing a Play,
Who champion ſworn in Virtue's cauſe,
'Gainſt Vice his tiny bodkin draws,
But to no part of Prudence ſtranger,
Firſt blunts the points, for fear of danger.
So nurſes ſage, as Caution works,
When children firſt uſe knives and forks,
For fear of miſchief, it is known,
To others fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off wiſely chuſe,
Tho' the ſame ſtroke takes off the uſe.

Thee, Whitehead, thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to Satire's gen'rous ſtroke,
Which makes unwilling Conſcience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal,
Good-natur'd, eaſy creature, mild,
And gentle as a new-born child,
Thy heart would never once admit
Even wholeſome rigour to thy wit;
Thy head, if Conſcience ſhould comply,
Its kind aſſiſtance would deny,

And lend thee neither force, nor art,
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy ſacred pow'r controul
Each fiercer working of my ſoul,
Damp ev'ry ſpark of genuine fire,
And langours, like thine own, inſpire;
Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line,
As moral, and as dull as thine.

Pois'd in mid air——(it matters not
To aſcertain the very ſpot,
Nor yet to give you a relation,
How it eluded Gravitation,——)
Hung a watch-tow'r—by Vulcan plann'd
With ſuch rare ſkill, by Jove's command,
That ev'ry word, which whiſper'd here
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the ſtill boſom of the air
Is borne, and heard diſtinctly there,
The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom Men, as well as Gods, call Fame.

A prattling Goſſip, on whoſe tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung;
Whoſe lungs in ſtrength all lungs ſurpaſs,
Like her own trumpet made of braſs;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of ſleep defies,
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the fartheſt quarters brings,
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that ſhe knows, and ten times more.

Not all the virtues, which we find
Concenter'd in a Hunter's mind,
Can make her ſpare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point ſhe chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thouſand years,
A perfect character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My ſoul poſſeſs'd, ere Arrow died,
Or ſuch as Envy muſt allow,
The worlds enjoys in H——— now,
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtues even like theirs will ſtrike,
And make faults in the way of trade,
When ſhe can't find them ready made.

All things ſhe takes in, ſmall and great,
Talks of a Toy-ſhop and a State,
Of Wits and Fools, of Saints and Kings,
Of Garters, Stars, and Leading-ſtrings,
Of old Lords fumbling for a Clap,
And young Ones full of Pray'r and Pap,
Of Courts, of Morals, and Tye-wigs,
Of Bears, and Serjeants dancing jigs,
Of grave Profeſſors at the Bar
Learning to thrum on the Guittar,
Whilſt Laws are ſlubber'd o'er in haſte,
And Judgment ſacrific'd to Taſte;
Of whited Sepulchres, Lawn-ſleeves,
And God's houſe made a den of thieves;
Of fun'ral pomps, where clamours hung,
And fix'd diſgrace on ev'ry tongue,
Whilſt Senſe and Order bluſh'd to ſee
Nobles without Humanity;

Of Coronations, where each heart,
With honeſt raptures bore a part,
Of city feaſts, where Elegance
Was proud her colours to advance,
And Gluttony, uncommon caſe,
Could only get the ſecond place;
Of new-rais'd Pillars in the State,
Who muſt be good as being great;
Of ſhoulders, on which Honours ſit
Almoſt as clumſily as Wit;
Of doughty Knights, whom titles pleaſe,
But not the payment of the fees;
Of Lectures, whither ev'ry fool
In ſecond childhood goes to ſchool;
Of grey beards deaf to Reaſon's call,
From inn of court, or city-hall,
Whom youthful appetites enſlave,
With one foot fairly in the grave,
By help of Crutch, a needful brother,
Learning of Hart to dance with t'other;
Of Doctors regularly bred
To fill the manſions of the dead;
Of Quacks (for quacks they muſt be ſtill
Who ſave whom forms require to kill)
Who life, and health, and vigour give
To him not one would wiſh to live;
Of Artiſts who, with nobleſt view,
Diſintereſted plans purſue,
For trembling worth the ladder raiſe,
And mark out the aſcent to praiſe;
Of Arts and Sciences, where meet
Sublime, profound, and all complete,

A Set (whom at ſome fitter time
The Muſe ſhall conſecrate in rhime)
Who humble Artiſts to out-do
A far more lib'ral plan purſue,
And let their well-judg'd Premiums fall
On thoſe who have no worth at all:
Of Sign-poſt exhibitions, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd
(Tho', by the way, we cannot ſee
Why praiſe and laughter mayn't agree)
Where genuine Humour runs to waſte,
And juſtly chides our want of taſte,
Cenſur'd, like other things, tho' good,
Becauſe they are not underſtood.

To higher ſubjects now She ſoars,
And talks of politics and Whores,
(If to your nice and chaſter ears
That term indelicate appears,
Scripture politely ſhall refine,
And melt it into Concubine);
In the ſame breath ſpreads Bourbon's league,
And publiſhes the grand intrigue,
In Bruſſels or our own Gazette,
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the Pox or Plague
To London, by the way of Hague;
For all the lies which there appear,
Stampt with Authority comes here;
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of ſome rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the quaint harangues of thoſe
Who lead a nation by the noſe,

As from thoſe ſtorms which, void of art,
Burſt from our honeſt Patriot's heart,
When Eloquence and Virtue (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
Fond of each other's friendſhip grown,
Claim ev'ry ſentence for their own,
And with an equal joy recites
Parade-amours, and half-pay fights,
Perform'd by Heroes of fair weather,
Merely by dint of lace and feather,
As thoſe rare acts which Honour taught
Our daring ſons where Granby fought,
Or thoſe which, with ſuperior ſkill,
—— atchiev'd by ſtanding ſtill.

This Hag (the curious, if they pleaſe,
May ſearch from earlieſt time to theſe,
And Poets they will always ſee,
With Gods and Goddeſſes make free,
Treating them all, except the Muſe,
As ſcarcely fit to wipe their ſhoes)
Who had beheld from firſt to laſt
How our Triumvirate had paſs'd
Night's dreadful interval, and heard,
With ſtrict attention, ev'ry word,
Soon as ſhe ſaw return of light,
On ſounding pinions took her flight.

Swift thro' the regions of the ſky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward ſhe drove the furious blaſt,
And, rapid as a whirlwind, paſs'd

O'er countries once the ſeats of taſte,
By Time and Ignorance laid waſte,
O'er lands, where former ages ſaw
Reaſon and truth the only law;
Where Arts, and Arms, and public Love
In gen'rous emulation ſtrove;
Where kings were proud of legal ſway,
And ſubjects happy to obey;
Tho' now in ſlav'ry ſunk, and broke
To Superſtition's galling yoke,
Of Arts, of Arms, no more they tell,
Or Freedom, which with Science fell:
By tyrants aw'd, who never find
The paſſage to their people's mind,
To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne;
Far from all proſpect of relief,
Their hours in fruitleſs pray'rs and grief,
For loſs of bleſſings they employ,
Which we unthankfully enjoy.
Now is the time (had we the will)
T' amaze the reader with our ſkill,
To pour out ſuch a flood of knowledge
As might ſuffice for a whole college,
Whilſt with a true poetic force
We trac'd the Goddeſs in her courſe,
Sweetly deſcribing, in our flight,
Each common and uncommon ſight,
Making our journal gay and pleaſant,
With things long paſt, and things now preſent.

Rivers—once Nymphs—(a transformation
Is mighty pretty in relation)

From great authorities we know
Will matter for a tale beſtow.
To make the obſervation clear,
We give our friends an inſtance here.
The day (that never is forgot)
Was very fine, but very hot;
The nymph, another gen'ral rule,
Enflam'd with heat, lay down to cool:
Her hair (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careleſs, floating in the wind;
Her heaving breaſts, like ſummer ſeas,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze:
Should fond Deſcription tune our lays
In choiceſt accents to her praiſe,
Deſcription we at laſt ſhould find,
Baffl'd and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inſpire
In ev'ry boſom ſoft deſire,
Paſſions to raiſe ſhe could not feel,
Wounds to inflict ſhe would not heal.
A God, (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr,)
Raging with luſt, a godlike flame,
By chance, as uſual, thither came;
With glutting eyes the fair one view'd,
Deſir'd her firſt, and then purſu'd;
She, (for what other can ſhe do?)
Muſt fly—or how can he purſue?
The Muſe (ſo Cuſtom hath decreed)
Now proves her ſpirit by her ſpeed,
Nor muſt one limping line diſgrace
The life and vigour of the race.

She runs, and he runs, till at length,
Quite deſtitute of breath and ſtrength,
To Heav'n, (for there we all apply
For help, when there's no other nigh,)
She offers up her Virgin pray'r;
Can virgins pray unpitied there?
And, when the God thinks he has caught her,
Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a ſtream, in which the Poet,
If he has any wit, may ſhew it.

A city once for pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt, is a direction
To introduce ſome fine reflexion.

Ah! woful me! Ah! woful man!
Ah! woful all, do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t'other moment's end?
Honour, Wit, Genius, Wealth, and Glory,
Good lack! good lack! are tranſitory;
Nothing is ſure and ſtable found,
The very Earth itſelf turns round.
Monarchs, nay Miniſters muſt die,
Muſt rot, muſt ſtink—Ah, me! ah, why!
Cities themſelves in time decay,
If cities thus—Ah, well-a-day!
If Brick and Mortar have an end,
On what can fleſh and blood depend?
Ah, woful me! Ah, woful man!
Ah, woful all, do all we can!

England, for that's at laſt the ſcene,
Tho' worlds on worlds ſhould riſe between,
Whither we muſt our courſe purſue,
England ſhould call into review
Times long ſince paſt indeed, but not
By Engliſhmen to be forgot;
Tho' England, once ſo dear to fame,
Sinks in Great Britain's dearer name.

Here would we mention Chiefs of old,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To Virtue kind, to Vice ſevere,
Strangers to Bribery and Fear,
Who kept no wretched clans in awe,
Who never broke or warp'd the law;
Patriots, whom in her better days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raiſe,
Who ſteady to their country's claim,
Boldly ſtood up in Freedom's name,
Even to the teeth of tyrant-pride,
And when they could no more, They dy'd.

There, (ſtriking contraſt,) might we place
A ſervile, mean, degen'rate race,
Hirelings, who valued naught but gold,
By the beſt bidder bought and ſold,
Truants from Honour's ſacred laws,
Betrayers of their country's cauſe,
The dupes of Party, tools of Pow'r,
Slaves to the minion of an hour,
Lacquies, who watch'd a Favourite's nod,
And took a Puppet for their God.

Sincere and honeſt in our rhimes,
How might we praiſe theſe happier times!
How might the Muſe exalt her lays,
And wanton in a Monarch's praiſe!
Tell of a Prince in England born,
Whoſe virtues England's crown adorn,
In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaſte, ſo pious, and ſo ſage,
Who, true to all thoſe ſacred bands,
Which private happineſs demands,
Yet never lets them riſe above
The ſtronger ties of public love.

With conſcious pride ſee England ſtand,
Our holy charter in her hand;
She waves it round, and o'er the iſle
See Liberty and Courage ſmile.
No more ſhe mourns her treaſures hurl'd
In ſubſidies to all the world;
No more by foreign threats diſmay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out ſums to petty ſtates,
Whom Honour ſcorns, and Reaſon hates,
But, wiſer by Experience grown,
Finds ſafety in herſelf alone.

While thus, ſhe cries, my children ſtand
An honeſt, valiant, native band,
A train'd Militia, brave and free,
True to their king, and true to me,
No foreign hirelings ſhall be known,
Nor need we hirelings of our own.

Under a juſt and pious reign
The Statſeman's ſophiſtry is vain,
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
Theſe are my natural defence;
Their faith I know, and they ſhall prove
The bulwark of the King they love.

Theſe, and a thouſand things beſide,
Did we conſult a Poet's pride,
Some gay, ſome ſerious, might be ſaid;
But ten to one they'd not be read;
Or were they by ſome curious few,
Nor even thoſe would think them true;
For, from the time that Jubal firſt
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been ſuſpected
Of having truth in rhime neglected,
That Bard except, who, from his youth,
Equally fam'd for faith and truth,
By Prudence taught, in courtly chime
To courtly ears, brought truth in rhime.

But though to Poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd, or how,
From Truth unbounded deviation,
Which cuſtom calls Imagination,
Yet can't they be ſuppos'd to lie
One half ſo faſt as Fame can fly;
Therefore, (to ſolve this Gordian knot,
A point we almoſt had forgot,)
To courteous readers be it known,
That fond of verſe and falſehood grown,

Whilſt we in ſweet digreſſion ſung,
Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now purſues with double force,
And double ſpeed, her deſtin'd courſe;
Nor ſtops, till ſhe the place arrives
Where Genius ſtarves, and Dulneſs thrives;
Where riches virtue are eſteem'd,
And craft is trueſt wiſdom deem'd;
Where commerce proudly rears her throne
In ſtate to other lands unknown;
Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
Where Chriſtians, Jews, and Turks ſhake hands,
United in commercial bands,
All of one faith, and that, to own
No God, but Intereſt alone.

When gods and goddeſſes come down
To look about them here in town,
(For change of air is underſtood,
By ſons of phyſic to be good,
In due proportions now and then
For theſe ſame gods as well as men,)
By Cuſtom rul'd, and not a Poet
So very dull, but he muſt know it,
In order to remain *incog*,
They always travel in a fog.
For if we Majeſty expoſe
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows,
The force is loſt, and, free from awe,
We ſpy and cenſure ev'ry flaw.
But well preſerv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth freſh and new,

Fierce as the Sun in all his pride,
It ſhines, and not a ſpot's deſcried.

Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the ſky
Deſcend to earth, and friſk about,
Like chatt'ring N - - -, from rout to rout,
He would be found with all his hoſt,
A nine days wonder at the moſt.
Would we in trim our honours wear,
We muſt preſerve them from the air;
What is familiar, men neglect,
However worthy of reſpect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In Novelty to recommend,
(Such we by ſad experience find
The wretched folly of mankind,)
Venus might unattractive ſhine,
And H - - - fix no eyes but mine.

But Fame, who never car'd a jot
Whether ſhe was admir'd or not,
And never bluſh'd to ſhew her face
At any time in any place,
In her own ſhape, without diſguiſe,
And viſible to mortal eyes,
On 'Change, exact at ſeven o'clock,
Alighted on the weather-cock,
Which, planted there time out of mind
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.

Thrice did she sound her trump (the same
Which from the first belong'd to Fame,
An old ill-favour'd instrument
With which the goddess was content,
Tho' under a politer race
Bag-pipes might well supply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the sound,
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,
Confusion thro' the city past,
And Fear bestrode the dreadful blast.

Those fragant currents, which we meet
Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,
Affrighted from the usual course,
Ran murm'ring upwards to their source;
Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
As when a Cæsar breath'd his last;
Horses, which always us'd to go,
A foot-pace in my Lord Mayor's show,
Impetuous from their stables broke,
And Aldermen and Oxen spoke.

Halls felt the force, tow'rs shook around,
And steeples nodded to the ground;
St Paul himself (strange sight!) was seen
To bow as humbly as the dean.
The mansion-house, for ever plac'd
A monument of city taste,
Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan
Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.

To still the sound, or stop her ears
Remove the cause or sense of fears,

Phyſic, in college ſeated high,
Would any thing but Med'cine try.
No more in Pewt'rers-hall was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word,
Thoſe ſeats were deſolate become,
A hapleſs Elocution dumb.
From city-born and city-bred,
By ſtrict decorum ever led,
Who threeſcore years had known the grace
Of one, dull, ſtiff, unvaried pace;
Terror prevailing over Pride,
Was ſeen to take a larger ſtride;
Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
See Av'rice cloſer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldly grown,
See Credit totter on her throne;
Virtue alone, had ſhe been there,
The mighty ſound, unmov'd, could bear.

Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
Dooms annual fools to ſleep in ſtate,
To ſleep ſo ſound, that not one gleam
Of Fancy can provoke to dream,
Great Dulman ſtarted at the ſound,
Gap'd, rub'd his eyes, and ſtar'd around;
Much did he wiſh to know, much fear
Whence ſounds ſo horrid ſtruck his ear,
So much unlike thoſe peaceful notes,
That equal harmony, which floats
On the dull wing of city air,
Grave prelude to a feaſt or fair;
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,

Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this fame trumpet might portend.

Could the French—no—that could not be
Under Bute's active ministry,
Too watchful to be so deceiv'd,
Have stolen hither unperceiv'd.
To Newfoundland indeed we know,
Fleets of war unobserv'd may go,
Or, if obsery'd, may be suppos'd,
At intervals, when Reason doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But Pleasure, Health, and change of Air.
But Reason ne'er could sleep so sound
To let an enemy be found
In our land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.

Or could his successor, (Ambition
Is ever haunted with suspicion,)
His daring successor elect,
All customs, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardless of the crime,
To seize the chair before his time;

Or, (deeming this the lucky hour
Seeing his countrymen in pow'r,
Those countrymen, who, from the first,
In tumults and rebellion nurs'd,
Howe'er they wear the mask of art,
Still love a Stuart in their heart,)

Could Scottish Charles ——
Conjecture thus,
That mental Ignis Fatuus,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From France to England, hence to France;
Till Information, in the shape
Of chaplain learned, good Sir Crape,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd priest,
Well known at every city feast,
For he was seen much oft'ner there
Than in the house of God at pray'r;
Who, always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace;
Tho', as the best historians write,
Less fam'd for faith than appetite;
His disposition to reveal,
The grace was short, and long the meal;
Who always would confess admit,
If Haunch or Turtle came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of self-denying abstinence,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat;
Who knew that wine, on scripture plan,
Was made to cheer the heart of man,
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That cheerfulness was kill'd by thought,
And from those premiss collected,
(Which few perhaps would have suspected)
That none, who with due share of sense
Observ'd the ways of providence,

Could with ſafe conſcience leave off drinking,
Till they had loſt the pow'r of thinking;
With eyes half clos'd came waddling in,
And, having ſtrok'd his double chin,
(That chin, whoſe credit to maintain
Againſt the ſcoffs of the profane,
Had coſt him more than ever ſtate
Paid for a poor electorate,
Which, after all the coſt and rout,
It had been better much without)
Briefly (for breakfaſt, you muſt know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Related, bowing to the ground,
The cauſe of that uncommon ſound,
Related too, that at the door,
Pompoſo Plauſible, and M—e,
Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd,
Their ſhame to publiſh to the crowd;
That ſome new laws he would provide,
(If old could not be miſapplied
With as much eaſe and ſafety there,
As they are miſapplied elſewhere)
By which it might be conſtrued treaſon
In man to exerciſe his reaſon,
Which might ingeniouſly deviſe
One puniſhment for truth and lies,
And fairly prove, when they had done,
That truth and falſehood were but one;
Which Juries muſt indeed retain,
But their effect ſhould render vain,
Making all real pow'r to reſt
In one corrupted rotten breaſt,

By whose false gloss the very Bible
Might be interpreted a Libel.

M*** (who his reverence to save,
Pleaded the fool to screen the knave,
Tho' all, who witness'd on his part,
Swore for his head against his heart)
Had taken down from first to last
A just account of all that past;
But, since the gracious will of Fate,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and state
Even in the cradle, had decreed
The mighty Dulman ne'er should read,
That office of disgrace to bear
The smooth-lip'd Plausible was there;
From H***** even to Clerkenwell,
Who knows not smooth-lip'd Plausible?
A preacher deem'd of greatest note,
For preaching that which others wrote.

Had Dulman now (and fools we see
Seldom want curiosity)
Consented (but the mourning shade
Of Gascoigne hast'ned to his aid,
And in his hand, what could be more?
Triumphant Canning's picture bore)
That our three heroes should advance
And read their comical romance,
How rich a feast, what royal fare
We for our readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet so safe a feast,
That no one foreign blatant beast,

Within the purlieus of the law,
Should dare thereon to lay his paw.
And, growling, cry, with ſurly tone,
Keep off——this feaſt is all my own.

Bending to earth the downcaſt eye,
Or planting it againſt the ſky,
As one immers'd in deepeſt thought,
Or with ſome holy viſion caught,
His hands, to aid the traitor's art,
Devoutly folded o'er his heart.
Here M***, in fraud well ſkill'd, ſhould go
All Saint with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow.
O that Religion's ſacred name,
Meant to inſpire the pureſt flame,
A proſtitute ſhould ever be
To that arch fiend Hypocriſy,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with damn'd ſneaking cowardice!
Bold ſin reclaim'd is often ſeen,
Paſt hope that man who dares be mean.

There, full of fleſh, and full of grace,
With that fine round unmeaning face,
Which Nature gives to ſons of Earth,
Whom ſhe deſigns for eaſe and mirth,
Should the prim Plauſible be ſeen;
Obſerve his ſtiff affected mien;
'Gainſt nature, arm'd by Gravity,
His features too in buckle ſee;
See with what ſanctity he reads,
With what devotion tells his beads!

ow prophet, ſhew me, by thine art,
hat's the religion of his heart;
ew there, if truth thou can'ſt unfold,
eligion center'd all in gold,
ew him, nor fear correction's rod,
s falſe to Friendſhip, as to God.

Horrid, unwieldy, without form,
vage, as Ocean in a ſtorm,
ſize prodigious, in the rear,
at poſt of honour, ſhould appear
mpoſo; Fame around ſhall tell
ow he a ſlave to int'reſt fell,
ow, for integrity renown'd,
hich bookſellers have often found,
for ſubſcribers baits his hook,
d takes their caſh—but where's the book?
matter where—wiſe Fear, we know,
bids the robbing of a foe;
t what, to ſerve our private ends,
bids the cheating of our friends?
man alive, who would not ſwear
's ſafe, and therefore honeſt there.
, ſpite of all the learned ſay,
we to truth attention pay,
e word Diſhoneſty is meant
nothing elſe but puniſhment.
ne too ſhould tell, nor heed the threat
rogues, who brother rogues abet,
tremble at the terrors hung
oft to make her hold her tongue,
w to all principles untrue,
fix'd to old friends, nor to new,

He dams the penſion which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forſakes.
Nature (who juſtly regular
Is very ſeldom known to err,
But now and then in ſportive mood,
As ſome rude wits have underſtood,
Or through much work requir'd in haſte,
Is with a random ſtroke diſgrac'd)
Pompoſo form'd on doubtful plan,
Not quite a beaſt, nor quite a man,
Like—God knows what—for never yet
Could the moſt ſubtile human wit
Find out a monſter, which might be
The ſhadow of a ſimile.

Theſe three, theſe great, theſe mighty three,
Nor can the Poet's truth agree,
Howe'er Report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpoſe of his ſong,
Amongſt the refuſe of their race,
The ſons of Infamy to place,
That open, gen'rous, manly mind,
Which we with joy in Aldrich find:
Theſe three, who now are fairly ſhewn,
Juſt ſketch'd, and ſcarcely to be known,
If Dulman their requeſt had heard,
In ſtronger colours had appear'd,
And friends, tho' partial, at firſt view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

But had their Journal been diſplay'd,
And the whole proceſs open laid,

What a vaſt unexhauſted field
For mirth, muſt ſuch a journal yield!
If her own anger ſtrongly charm'd,
'Gainſt Hope, 'gainſt Fear by Conſcience arm'd,
Then had bold Satire made her way,
Knights, Lords, and Dukes, her deſtin'd prey.

But Prudence, ever ſacred name
To thoſe who feel not Virtue's flame,
Or only feel it at the beſt
As the dull Dupe of Intereſt,
Whiſper'd aloud (for this we find
A cuſtom current with mankind,
So loud a whiſper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And Prudence ſure would never miſs
A cuſtom ſo contriv'd as this
Her candour to ſecure; yet aim,
Sure death againſt another's fame)
Knights, Lords, and Dukes—mad wretch forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambuſh there;
Confine thy rage to weaker ſlaves,
Laugh at ſmall fools, and laſh ſmall knaves;
But never, helpleſs, mean, and poor,
Ruſh on, where laws cannot ſecure,
Nor think thyſelf, miſtaken youth,
Secure in principles of truth.
Truth! why ſhall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to ſpeak truth againſt his betters!
Let ragged Virtue ſtand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let ragged Wit a mute become,
When wealth and pow'r would have her dumb.

For who the devil doth not know,
That titles and eſtates beſtow
An ample ſtock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by ſituation;
The rich and great are underſtood
To be of courſe both wiſe and good.
Conſult then Int'reſt more than Pride,
Diſcreetly take the ſtronger ſide,
Deſert in time the ſimple few,
Who Virtue's barren path purſue,
Adopt my maxims——follow me——
To Baal bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy Friend,
At Baal's altars hourly bend,
So ſhall thou rich and great be ſeen;
To be great now, you muſt be mean.

Hence, Tempter, to ſome weaker ſoul,
Which Fear and Intereſt controul;
Vainly thy precepts are addreſs'd
Where Virtue ſteels the ſteady breaſt.
Through Madneſs wade to boaſted pow'r,
Through guilt repeated ev'ry hour,
What is thy gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels haſt thou won?
Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praiſe thee for virtues not thine own;
But will, at once man's ſcourge and friend,
Impartial Conſcience too commend;
From her reproaches can'ſt thou fly?
Can'ſt thou with worlds her ſilence buy?

Believe it not—her ſtings ſhall find
A paſſage to thy coward mind.
There ſhall ſhe fix her ſharpeſt dart,
There ſhew thee truly, as thou art,
Unknown to thoſe, by whom thou'rt priz'd;
Known to thyſelf to be deſpis'd.

The man, who weds the ſacred Muſe,
Diſdains all mercenary views,
And he, who Virtue's throne would rear,
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
Tho' Folly, rob'd in purple, ſhines,
Tho' Vice exhauſts Peruvian mines,
Yet ſhall they tremble and turn pale,
When Satire wields her mighty flail;
Or ſhould they, of rebuke afraid,
With Melcombe ſeek Hell's deepeſt ſhade,
Satire, ſtill mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the Cowards back to Shame.

Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view;
Honeſt, tho' poor, (and who ſhall dare
To diſappoint my boaſting there?)
Hardy and reſolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to ſpeak,
Willing I bend at Satire's throne;
What pow'r I have, be all her own.

Nor ſhall yon lawyer's ſpecious art,
Conſcious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear
To damp us in our bold career.

Why ſhould we fear? and what? the Laws
They all are arm'd in Virtue's cauſe.
And, aiming at the ſelf-ſame end,
Satire is always Virtue's friend.
Nor ſhall that Muſe, whoſe honeſt rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When, dead to every nicer ſenſe,
Deep ſunk in vice and indolence,
The ſpirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the tyrant Fiddler's yoke)
Baniſh'd the roſe from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunſwick fear to ſpeak.

Drawn by Conceit from Reaſon's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, Man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paultry elf
To prate about that thing—himſelf!
After my promiſe made in rhime,
And meant in earneſt at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that curſe of heart and head
To this digreſſion could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't ſtay in, nor well get out.

Could I, whilſt humour held the quill,
Could I digreſs with half that ſkill,
Could I with half that ſkill return,
Which we ſo much admire in Sterne,
Where each digreſſion, ſeeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,

Is found, on better recollection,
To have a juſt and nice connection,
To help the whole with wond'rous art,
Whence it ſeems idly to depart;
Then ſhould our readers ne'er accuſe
Theſe wild excurſions of the Muſe,
Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
To recollect what went before;
Deeply impreſs'd, and ever new,
Each image paſt ſhould ſtart to view,
And we to Dulman now come in,
As if we ne'er had abſent been.

Have you not ſeen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn white with fear?
Have you not ſeen, when danger's fled,
The ſelf-ſame cheek with joy turn red?
Theſe are low ſymptoms, which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honeſt features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart.
Our Dulman with a face was bleſs'd
Where no one paſſion was expreſs'd;
His eye, in a fine ſtupor caught,
Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought;
Nor was one line that whole face ſeen in,
Which could be juſtly charg'd with meaning.

To Avarice by birth ally'd,
Debauch'd by Marriage into Pride,
In age grown fond of youthful ſports,
Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,

And by ſucceſs too mighty made,
To love his country or his trade;
Stiff in opinion, no rare caſe,
With blockheads in, or out of place;
Too weak, and inſolent of ſoul,
To ſuffer Reaſon's juſt controul,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that trim tranſient toy, My Lord,
The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,
Whom God in wrath contriv'd to place,
To ſcourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
A conſtant thorn in England's ſide,
Whom firſt, our greatneſs to oppoſe,
He in his vengeance mark'd for foes;
Then, more to ſerve his wrathful ends,
And more to curſe us, mark'd for friends)
Deep in the ſtate, if we give credit
To him, for no one elſe e'er ſaid it,
Sworn friend of great ones not a few,
Tho' he their titles only knew,
And thoſe (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading,)
Merely to ſhew himſelf polite,
He never would pronounce aright;
An orator with whom a hoſt
Of thoſe which Rome and Athens boaſt,
In all their pride might not contend,
Who, with no pow'rs to recommend,
Whilſt Jackey Hume, and Billy Whitehead,
And Dicky Glover ſat delighted,
Could ſpeak whole days in Nature's ſpite,
Juſt as thoſe able verſe-men write.

Great Dulman from his bed aroſe—
Thrice did he ſpit—thrice wip'd his noſe—
Thrice ſtrove to ſmile—thrice ſtrove to frown—
And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
Then ſilence broke—Crape, who am I?
Crape bow'd, and ſmil'd an arch reply,
Am I not Crape? I am, you know,
Above all thoſe who are below:
Have I not knowledge? and for wit,
Money will always purchaſe it:
Nor, if it needful ſhould be found,
Will I grudge ten, or twenty pound,
For which the whole ſtock may be bought,
Of ſcoundrel wits, not worth a groat.
But leſt I ſhould proceed too far,
I'll feel my friend the miniſter,
(Great men, Crape, muſt not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected;
For, as I ſtand a magiſtrate,
To ſerve him firſt, and next the ſtate,
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let his magiſtrates have wit.

Boaſt I not, at this very hour,
Thoſe large effects which troop with pow'r?
Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I ſit, whilſt others ſtand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In ſeat of honour always plac'd?
And do not cits of chief degree,
Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a Juſtice ought,
The laws ſuch wholeſome rigour taught,
That fornication, in diſgrace,
Is now afraid to ſhew her face,
And not one whore theſe walls approaches
Unleſs they ride in our own coaches?
And ſhall this Fame, an old poor ſtrumpet,
Without our licence ſound her trumpet,
And, envious of our city's quiet,
In broad day-light blow up a riot?
If inſolence like this we bear,
Where is our ſtate? our office, where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the neck ennobling chain,
Freedom's known badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the ſolemn-ſpreading Robe,
Farewell the Sword,—farewell the Mace,
Farewell all Title, Pomp, and Place.
Remov'd from men of high degree,
(A loſs to them, Crape, not to me)
Baniſh'd to Chippenham, or to Frome,
Dulman once more ſhall ply the Loom.

Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
Dulman—the loom—at Chippenham—cries,
If there be pow'rs which greatneſs love,
Which rule below, but dwell above,
Thoſe pow'rs united all ſhall join
To contradict the raſh deſign.

Sooner ſhall ſtubborn Will lay down
His oppoſition with his gown;

Sooner ſhall Temple leave the road
Which leads to Virtue's mean abode;
Sooner ſhall Scots their country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dulman, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-caſt, and unknown.

Sure as that Cane (a cane there ſtood
Near to a table, made of wood,
Of dry fine wood a table made
By ſome rare artiſt in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praiſe
If he had liv'd in Homer's days,)
Sure as that Cane, which once was ſeen
In pride of life, all freſh and green,
The banks of Indus to adorn,
Then of its leafy honours ſhorn,
According to exacteſt rule,
Was faſhion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at preſent we behold
Curiouſly poliſh'd, crown'd with gold,
With gold well wrought; ſure as that Cane
Shall never on his native plain
Strike root afreſh, ſhall never more
Flouriſh on tawny India's ſhore,
So ſure ſhall Dulman and his race
To lateſt times this ſtation grace.

Dulman, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd as if he ſlept,
Now looking ſtedfaſtly on Crape,
As at ſome God in human ſhape——

Crape, I proteſt, you ſeem to me
To have diſcharg'd a prophecy;
Yes, ——from the firſt it doth appear
Planted by Fate, that Dulmans here
Have always held a quiet reign,
And here ſhall to the laſt remain.

Crape, they're all wrong about this Ghoſt—
Quite on the wrohg ſide of the poſt—
Blockheads to take it in their head
To be a meſſage from the dead,
For that by miſſion they deſign,
A word not half ſo good as mine.
Crape—here it is—ſtart not one doubt—
A Plot—a Plot, I've found it out.

O God!—cries Crape,—how bleſt the nation
Where one ſon boaſts ſuch penetration!

Crape, I've not time to tell you now
When I diſcover'd this, or how;
To Stentor go—if he's not there,
His place let Bully Norton bear—
Our citizens to council call—
Let all meet—'tis the cauſe of all.
Let the three witneſſes attend
With allegations to befriend,
To ſwear juſt ſo much,—and no more,
As we inſtruct them in before.

Stay—Crape—come back—what, don't you ſe
Th' effects of this diſcovery!

Dulman all care and toil endures—
The profit, Crape, will all be yours.
A mitre, (for this arduous task
Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)
A mitre (and perhaps the best)
Shall thro' my int'rest make thee blest.
And at this time, when gracious Fate
Dooms to the Scot the reins of state,
Who is more fit (and for your use
We could some instances produce)
Of England's church to be the head
Than you, a Presbyterian bred?
But when thus mighty you are made
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Like old Newcastle, be forgot.

But an affair, Crape, of this size
Will ask from Conduct vast supplies;
It must not, as the vulgar say,
Be done in hugger-mugger way.
Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)
Who hatch the plot, in private meet;
They should in public go, no doubt
Whose business is to find it out.

To-morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a grand processionade—
Be all the city pomp display'd,
Let the train-bands—Crape shook his head—
They heard the trumpet, and were fled—

Well—cries the knight—if that's the caſe,
My ſervants ſhall ſupply their place—
My ſervants—mine alone—no more
Than what my ſervants did before—
Doſt not remember, Crape, that day,
When Dulman's grandeur to diſplay,
As all too ſimple and too low,
Our city friends were thruſt below,
Whilſt, as more worthy of our love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My ſervants—mine—and why not now?
In haſte then, Crape, to Stentor go—
But ſend up Hart who waits below,
With him, till you return again
(Reach me my ſpectacles and cane)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accompliſhments of dancing.

Not quite ſo faſt as lightning flies,
Wing'd with red anger, thro' the ſkies;
Not quite ſo faſt as ſent by Jove,
Iris deſcends on wings of love;
Not quite ſo faſt as Terror drives
When he the chaſing winds beſtrides;
Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faſter than he cou'd!

Near to that Tow'r, which, as we're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old,
Where to the block, by Juſtice led,
The Rebel Scot hath often bled,

Where arms are kept ſo clean ſo bright,
'Twere ſin they ſhould be ſoil'd in fight,
Where Brutes of foreign race are ſhewn
By Brutes much greater of our own,
Faſt by the crouded Thames, is found
An ample ſquare of ſacred ground,
Where artleſs eloquence preſides,
And Nature ev'ry ſentence guides.

Here Female Parliaments debate
About religion, trade, and ſtate;
Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot ſoul,
Diſdaining foreign baſe controul,
Deſpiſing French, deſpiſing Erſe,
Pours forth the plain old Engliſh curſe,
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The Honours of the Vulgar Tongue.

Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law.
Twelve furlongs off, each dreadful word
Was plainly and diſtinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd, and ſwell'd the mighty ſound.
The loudeſt virgin of the ſtream,
Compar'd with him, would ſilent ſeem;
Thames (who, enrag'd to find his courſe
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Againſt the bridge indignant roars,
And laſhes the reſounding ſhores)
Compar'd with him, at loweſt tide,
In ſofteſt whiſpers ſeems to glide.

Hither directed by the noiſe,
Swell'd with the hopes of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haſte made lame,
The rev'rend ſlave of Dulman came.

Stentor—with ſuch a ſerious air,
With ſuch a face of ſolemn care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain—
Stentor—cries Crape—I'm hither ſent
On buſineſs of moſt high intent,
Great Dulman's orders to convey;
Dulman commands, and I obey.
Big with thoſe throes which patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the common weal,
Some ſecret, which forbids him reſt,
Tumbles and toſſes in his breaſt,
Tumbles and toſſes to get free;
And thus the Chief commands by me:

To-morrow—if the day appear,
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a grand Proceſſionade—
Be all the city Pomp diſplay'd—
Our citizens to council call—
Let All meet—'tis the cauſe of All.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE GHOST.

BOOK IV.

COXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence,
To ſomething of exalted ſenſe
'Bove other men, and, gravely wiſe,
Affect thoſe pleaſures to deſpiſe,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp; they would not go
For millions to a Puppet-ſhow,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing pantomime;
No, not at Covent Garden, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found moſt fit,
Without one play'r to ſecond it,
They muſt, obeying Folly's call,
Thrive by mere ſhow, or not at all.

With theſe grave Fops, who (bleſs their brains!)
Moſt cruel to themſelves, take pains
For wretchedneſs, and would be thought
Much wiſer than a wiſe man ought

For his own happineſs to be,
Who, what they hear, and what they ſee,
And what they ſmell, and taſte, and feel,
Diſtreſt, till Reaſon ſets her ſeal;
And, by long trains of conſequences
Inſur'd gives ſanction to the ſenſes;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it, waſte
One hour in what the world calls Taſte,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry
Unleſs they know ſome reaſon why;
With theſe grave fops, whoſe ſyſtem ſeems
To give up certainty for dreams,
The eye of man is underſtood
As for no other purpoſe good
Than as a door, thro' which of courſe
Their paſſage crouding objects force,
A downright uſher to admit
New-comers to the court of Wit.
(Good Gravity, forbear thy ſpleen;
When I ſay Wit, I Wiſdom mean.)
Where (ſuch the practice of the court,
Which legal precedents ſupport)
Not one idea is allow'd
To paſs unqueſtion'd in the croud;
But ere it can obtain this grace,
Of holding in the brain a place,
Before the chief in congregation
Muſt ſtand a ſtrict examination.

Not ſuch as thoſe, who Phyſic twirl,
Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl,

Who prove, with all becoming ſtate,
Their voice to be the voice of Fate,
Prepar'd with eſſence, drop, and pill,
To be another Ward, or Hill,
Before they can obtain their ends
To ſign death-warrants for their friends,
And talents vaſt as their employ,
Secundum artem to deſtroy,
Muſt paſs (or laws their rage reſtrain)
Before the chiefs of Warwick-lane.
Thrice happy Lane, where uncontroul'd
In pow'r and lethargy grown old,
Moſt fit to take, in this bleſt land,
The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,
Her lawful throne great Dulneſs rears,
Still more herſelf as more in years;
Where ſhe (and who ſhall dare deny
Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by?)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One Garth who err'd in wit and rhime,
Ordains from henceforth to admit
None of the rebel ſons of Wit,
And makes it her peculiar care,
That Schomberg never ſhall be there.

Nor ſuch as thoſe, whom Folly trains
To letters, tho' unbleſs'd with brains;
Who deſtitute of pow'r and will
To learn, are kept to learning ſtill;
Whoſe heads, when other methods fail,
Receive inſtruction from the tail,

Becauſe their ſires, a common caſe
Which brings the children to diſgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a fool,
Muſt paſs, or muſt compound for, ere
The chaplain, full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his reverend permit,
Announcing them for orders fit;
So that the prelate (what's a name?
All prelates now are much the ſame)
May with a conſcience ſafe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that fiat,
Which doth all faculties diſpenſe,
All Sanctity, all Faith, all Senſe,
Makes Madam quite a Saint appear,
And makes an Oracle of Cheere.

Not ſuch as in that ſolemn ſeat,
Where the nine Ladies hold retreat;
The Ladies nine, who, as we're told,
Scorning thoſe haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Iſis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford ſtir,
Are held for form; which Balaam's aſs
As well as Balaam's ſelf might paſs,
And with his maſter take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of ſound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the ſtorehouſe of the head
With furniture they ne'er can uſe,
Cannot forgive our rambling muſe

This wild excurſion; cannot ſee
Why Phyſic and Divinity,
To the ſurpriſe of all beholders
Are lugg'd in by the head and ſhoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do;
But men of nice and ſubtle learning,
Remarkable for quick diſcerning,
Thro' Spectacles of critic mould,
Without inſtruction, will behold
That we a method here have got,
To ſhew what is, by what is not,
And that our drift (parentheſis
For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's moſt ſecret cells,
A certain Lord Chief Juſtice dwells
Of ſov'reign pow'r, whom one and all,
With common voice, we Reaſon call;
Tho' for the purpoſes of Satire,
A name in truth is no great matter,
Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a Lord Chief Juſtice ſtill;
Here, ſo our great projectors ſay,
The ſenſes all muſt homage pay;
Hither they muſt all tribute bring,
And proſtrate fall before their king;
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of thought
Before his throne, where, in full ſtate,
He on their merits holds debate,

Examines, croſs-examines, weighs
Their right to cenſure or to praiſe;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend,
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his ſteady courſe;
The channel of Inquiry's clear,
No ſham examination's here.

He, upright Juſticer no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjuſts and ſettles in a trice
What Virtue is, and what is Vice;
What is Perfection, what defect,
What we muſt chuſe, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What Pleaſure is, and what is pain;
Whilſt we, obedient to the whim,
And reſting all our faith on him,
True members of the Stoic weal,
Muſt learn to think, and ceaſe to feel.

This glorious ſyſtem form'd, for man
To practice when and how he can,
If the five Senſes in alliance
To Reaſon hurl a proud defiance,
And tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater ſlav'ry hold,
Than Jewiſh bondage was of old;
Or if they, ſomething touch'd with ſhame,
Allow him to retain the name

Of royalty, and, as in ſport,
To hold a mimic formal court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of puppet king,
And ſuffer'd, by the way of toy,
To hold a globe, but not employ;
Our ſyſtem-mongers, ſtruck with fear,
Prognoſticate deſtruction near;
All things to anarchy muſt run;
The little world of Man's undone.

Nay, ſhould the Eye, that niceſt ſenſe,
Neglect to ſend intelligence
Unto the Brain, diſtinct and clear,
Of all that paſſes in her ſphere;
Should ſhe preſumptuous joy receive,
Without the underſtanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring Treaſon
Againſt the Monarchy of Reaſon.
Not thinking, tho' they're wondrous wiſe,
That few have Reaſon, moſt have Eyes;
So that the pleaſures of the Mind
To a ſmall circle are confin'd,
Whilſt thoſe which to the Senſes fall,
Become the property of all.
Beſides (and this is a ſure caſe
Not much at preſent out of place)
Where Nature Reaſon doth deny,
No Art can that defect ſupply;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to ſtate the argument)

A man ſhould want an eye or two,
The remedy is ſure, tho' new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the Chevalier—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.

But, Argument apart, which tends
T' embitter foes, and ſep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apoſtate for the nine,
Would I, tho' bred up a divine,
And foe of courſe to Reaſon's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own ſenſe and feelings taught,
In ſpeech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in ermine,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties ſhould ſettled be
To force men to hypocriſy,
To make them ape an aukward zeal,
And feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, might ſentence reſt
Finally fix'd within my breaſt,
Even Annet cenſur'd and confin'd,
Becauſe we're of a diff'rent mind.

Nature, who in her act moſt free,
Herſelf delights in liberty,
Profuſe in love, and without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;

Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty ſhed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If Freedom did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to ſtray,
Brutes never can miſtake their way,
Determin'd ſtill, they plod along
By inſtinct, neither right nor wrong;
But man, had he the heart to uſe
His freedom, hath a right to chuſe,
Whether he acts or well, or ill,
Depends entirely on his will;
To her laſt work, her fav'rite Man,
Is giv'n on Nature's better plan
A privilege in pow'r to err;
Nor let this phraſe reſentment ſtir
Amongſt the grave ones, ſince indeed,
The little merit Man can plead
In doing well, dependeth ſtill
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinion ſhould be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion muſt be bound,
And ſquare with his; ſuch ſlaviſh chains
From foes the lib'ral ſoul diſdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendſhip, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let thoſe, who rigid judgment own,
Submiſſive bow at Judgement's throne,

And if they of no value hold
Pleaſure, till Pleaſure is grown cold,
Pall'd and inſipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull ſubjects ſuited to their mind;
Their's be ſlow wiſdom; be my plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardleſs as the faſhions go,
Whether there's Reaſon for't or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral ſcope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a roſe from ev'ry thorn.

But if, by Error led aſtray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide obſerve, in ſpite,
I'm wrong, who cannot ſet me right.
That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
Who found diſeaſe, and not a cure;
Nor can I hold that man a friend,
Whoſe zeal a helping hand ſhall lend
To open happy Folly's eyes,
And, making wretched, make me wiſe;
For next, (a truth which can't admit
Reproof from Wiſdom or from Wit,)
To being happy here below,
Is to believe that we are ſo.

Some few in knowledge find relief,
I place my comfort in belief.

Some for Reality may call,
Fancy to me is all in all.
Imagination, thro' the trick
Of Doctors, often makes us ſick,
And why, let any ſophiſt tell,
May it not likewiſe make us well?
This I am ſure, whate'er our view,
Whatever ſhadows we purſue,
For our purſuits, be what they will,
Are little more than ſhadows ſtill,
Too ſwift they fly, too ſwift and ſtrong,
For man to catch, or hold them long.
But joys which in the Fancy live,
Each moment to each man may give.
True to himſelf, and true to eaſe,
He ſoftens Fate's ſevere decrees,
And (can a mortal wiſh for more?)
Creates, and makes himſelf new o'er.
Mocks boaſted vain Reality,
And is, whate'er he wants to be.

Hail, Fancy——to thy pow'r I owe,
Deliv'rance from the gripe of woe;
To thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude ſhall ne'er forget,
Whilſt Mem'ry can her force employ,
A large increaſe of ev'ry joy;
When at my doors, too ſtrongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,
A knaviſh guard, ordain'd by law
To keep poor Honeſty in awe;

Authority, ſevere and ſtern,
To intercept my wiſh'd return;
When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,
And laughter ſeiz'd each ſober fool;
When Candour ſtarted in amaze,
And, meaning cenſure, hinted praiſe;
When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that ſhe was wiſe
When all around me, with an air
Of hopeleſs ſorrow, look'd deſpair;
When they or ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
There is but one, one only way;
Better, and be adviſ'd by us,
Not be at all, than to be thus;
When Virtue ſhunn'd the ſhock, and Pride
Diſabled, lay by Virtue's ſide,
Too weak my ruffled ſoul to cheer,
Which could not hope, yet would not fear;
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of Pleaſure ſpeaking in her face,
Dull Regularity thrown by,
And comfort beaming from her eye,
Fancy in richeſt robes array'd,
Came ſmiling forth, and brought me aid;
Came ſmiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bleſs me, came in rhime.

Nor is her pow'r to me confin'd,
It ſpreads, it comprehends mankind.

When (to the ſpirit-ſtirring ſound
Of trumpets breathing courage round,

And fifes, well mingled, to reſtrain
And bring that courage down again;
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
Such as of late the good Saint Bride
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of thoſe who, England quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,
Where Aſgill held the foremoſt place,
Whilſt my Lord figur'd at a race;)
Proceſſions ('tis not worth debate
Whether they are of ſtage or ſtate)
Move on, ſo very, very ſlow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the performers all the while
Mechanically frown or ſmile,
Or, with a dull and ſtupid ſtare,
A vacancy of ſenſe declare;
Or, with down-bending eye, ſeem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought,
Where Reaſon wanders ſtill in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cauſe ſufficient can we find
To ſatisfy a thinking mind,
Why, dup'd by ſuch vain farces, Man
Deſcends to act on ſuch a plan?
Why They, who hold themſelves divine,
Can in ſuch wretched follies join,
Strutting like peacocks, or like crows;
Themſelves and Nature to expoſe;
What cauſe, but that (you'll underſtand
We have our remedy at hand,

That if perchance we ſtart a doubt,
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
As Surgeons, when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Muſt always have a ſtyptic by)
Fancy ſteps in, and ſtamps that real,
Which, *ipſo facto*, is ideal.

Can none remember? Yes, I know,
All muſt remember that rare ſhow,
When to the country Senſe went down,
And fools came flocking up to town,
When Knights (a work which all admit
To be for knighthood much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when Parſons play'd
In robes Canonical array'd;
And fiddling join'd the Smithfield dance,
The price of tickets to advance;
Or, unto Tapſters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from booth to booth about,
To ev'ry ſcoundrel by retail,
True penny-worths of beef and ale,
Then firſt prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For preſent grand Electioneering;
When Heralds, running all about
To bring in order, turn'd it out;
When, by the prudent Marſhal's care,
Leſt the rude populace ſhould ſtare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of Patrician ſtrain,

The whole proceſſion, as in ſpite,
Unheard, unſeen, ſtole off by night;
When our lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that ſacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements ſpring,
Betwixt the Subject and the King,
By which, in uſual manner crown'd,
His head, his heart, his hands he bound,
Againſt himſelf, ſhould Paſſion ſtir
The leaſt propenſity to err,
Againſt all ſlaves, who might prepare
Or open force or hidden ſnare,
That glorious Charter to maintain,
By which we ſerve, and he muſt reign;
Then Fancy with unbounded ſway,
Revell'd ſole miſtreſs of the day,
And wrought ſuch wonders as might make
Egyptian Sorcerers forſake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of Magic her's alone.

A Knight (who in the ſilken lap
Of lazy Peace, had liv'd on pap;
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor even that, unleſs a guide
Was plac'd to amble by his ſide,
And troops of ſlaves were ſpread around
To keep his Honour ſafe and ſound;
Who could not ſuffer for his life
A point to ſword, or edge to knife,

And always fainted at the ſight
Of blood, tho' 'twas not ſhed in fight;
Who diſinherited one ſon
For firing off an elder gun,
And whipt another, ſix years old,
Becauſe the boy, preſumptuous, bold
To madneſs, likely to become
A very Swiſs, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an inſtrument
Moſt peaceable and innocent,
Having from firſt been in the hands
And ſervice of the city bands)
Grac'd with thoſe enſigns, which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame
And ſpur them on to deeds of Fame,
With little ſword, large ſpurs, high feather,
Fearleſs of ev'ry thing but weather,
(And all muſt own, who pay regard
To Charity, it had been hard
That in this very firſt campaign
His honours ſhould be ſoil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (ſeeing others much the ſame
In point of valour as himſelf,
Who leave their courage on a ſhelf
From year to year, till ſome ſuch rout
In proper ſeaſon calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and ſwagger'd more
Than ever hero did before;
Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like Mayors, grimly ſmil'd and frown'd;

Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
To fight, that he might rout them all,
And perſonated Valour's ſtyle
So long, ſpectators to beguile,
That paſſing ſtrange, and wond'rous true,
Himſelf at laſt believ'd it too.
Nor for a time could he diſcern
Till Truth and Darkneſs took their turn,
So well did Fancy play her part,
That Coward ſtill was at the heart.

Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of Fame
Recorded firſt, thro' all this land,
In Vanity's illuſtrious band?)
Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern Hercules at leaſt,
To rid the world of each wild beaſt,
Of each wild beaſt which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove
His force on the parade of Love,
Diſclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the diſtaff quits the ſword;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But, when in private, lets them know
How little they can truſt to ſhow;
Who ſports a woman, as of courſe,
Juſt as a Jockey ſhews a horſe,

And then returns her to the ſtable,
Or vainly plants her at the table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd, and ſo deprav'd his mind)
That by ſome great occaſion led,
To ſeize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own deſires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Thro' faſhion, not thro' feeling, wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Senſe and Nature have decreed,
From real paſſion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Becauſe he nothing has to ſay,
As your choice Spirits oaths diſpenſe
To fill up vacancies of ſenſe;
Who, having ſome ſmall ſenſe, defies it,
Or, uſing, always miſapplies it;
Who now and then brings ſomething forth,
Which ſeems indeed of ſterling worth,
Something, by ſudden ſtart and fit,
Which at a diſtance looks like wit,
But, on examination near,
To his confuſion will appear,
By Truth's fair glaſs, to be at beſt
A threadbare Jeſter's threadbare jeſt;
Who friſks and dances thro' the ſtreet,
Sings without voice, rides without ſeat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æſop's aſs,
A gratis fool to all who paſs;

Who riots, tho' he loves not waſte,
Whores without luſt, drinks without taſte,
Acts without ſenſe, talks without thought,
Does every thing but what he ought;
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of Vice, is vicious; who one hour,
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility;
Whoſe vanity we all diſcern,
The ſpring on which his actions turn;
Whoſe aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be ſingular,
And all his utmoſt wiſhes mean,
Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be ſeen.
Such (for when Flatt'ry's ſoothing ſtrain
Had robb'd the Muſe of her diſdain,
And found a method to perſuade
Her art, to ſoften ev'ry ſhade,
Juſtice enrag'd, the pencil ſnatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and ſcratch'd
Out ev'ry trace, then, quick as thought,
From life this ſtriking likeneſs caught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiffle came, and ſuch was ſeen
In the world's eye, but (ſtrange to tell!)
Miſled by Fancy's magic ſpell,
Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own.
I bow, bow all at Fancy's throne,
Whoſe pow'r could make ſo vile an elf,
With patience bear that thing—himſelf.

But, Miſtreſs of each art to pleaſe,
Creative Fancy, what are theſe,
Theſe pageants of a trifler's pen,
To what thy pow'r effected then?
Familiar with the human mind,
As ſwift and ſubtle as the wind,
Which we all feel, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes, or where it goes;
Fancy at once in ev'ry part
Poſſeſs'd the eye, the head, and heart,
And, in a thouſand forms array'd,
A thouſand various gambols play'd.

Here, in a Face which well might aſk
The privilege to wear a maſk,
In ſpite of Law and Juſtice teach
For public good t' excuſe the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt eyes, which could not ſhine, but twinkle
Like centinels i' th' ſtarry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almoſt burnt out, and ſeem to keep
Their watch, like ſoldiers, in their ſleep,
Or like thoſe lamps which, by the pow'r
Of Law, muſt burn from hour to hour,
(Elſe they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that hall,
Which, once notorious for a hop,
Is now become a Juſtice-ſhop)
Which are ſo manag'd, to go out
Juſt when the time comes round about,

Which yet thro' emulation ſtrive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find,
Amongſt the children of mankind)
As they grow weaker, would ſeem ſtronger,
And burn a little, little longer;
Fancy, betwixt ſuch eyes enſhrin'd,
No bruſh to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whoſe force
Chang'd in an inſtant Nature's courſe,
And, hardly credible in rhime,
Not only ſtopp'd, but call'd up Time.
The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating ſtream appear'd;
Down the Neck ringlets ſpread their flame,
The Neck admiring whence they came;
In the arch'd Brow, the Graces play'd;
On the full Boſom Cupid laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits ſent,
Became for eyes a ſupplement;
Teeth, white as ever teeth were ſeen
Deliver'd from the hand of Green,
Started, in regular array,
Like train'd-bands on a grand field-day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring turn'd from white to red,
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady ———— was fifteen.

Here ſhe made lordly temples riſe
Before the pious Daſhwood's eyes,

Temples, which built aloft in air,
May ſerve for ſhow, if not for pray'r:
In ſolemn form herſelf, before,
Array'd like Faith, the Bible bore.
There, over Melcomb's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dreſs, and phyz,
More of another world than this,
To a dwarf Muſe a giant page,
The laſt grave fop of the laſt age,
In a ſuperb and feather'd hearſe,
Beſcutcheon'd and betagg'd with verſe,
Which, to beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a caſt rainbow clad,
There, throwing off the hallow'd plaid,
Naked, as when (in thoſe drear cells
Where ſelf-bleſs'd, ſelf-curs'd, Madneſs dwells)
Pleaſure, on whom, in Laughter's ſhape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
Firſt brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witneſs of her ſhame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'ling Stuarts, hand in hand,
Some, who to curſe mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er muſt think of more;
Others, whoſe baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns, and toys of paſte.
She jigg'd, and playing on the flute,
Spread raptures o'er the ſoul of Bute.

Big with vaſt hopes, ſome mighty plan,
Which wrought the buſy ſoul of man
To her full bent, the Civil Law,
Fit code to keep the world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As Jewiſh Frontlets were of old,
The famous Charter of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand,
As one whom deepeſt thoughts employ,
But deepeſt thoughts of trueſt joy,
Serious and ſlow he ſtrode, he ſtalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom beſt he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all around,
Dull ſolemn pleaſure in his face,
He ſaw the honours of his race,
He ſaw their lineal glories riſe,
And touch'd, or ſeem'd to touch, the ſkies.
Not the moſt diſtant mark of fear,
No ſign of axe, or ſcaffold near;
Not one curs'd thought, to croſs his will,
Of ſuch a place as Tower Hill.

Curſe on this Muſe, a flippant jade,
A ſhrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peeviſhneſs and ſpleen.
Her tongue, (for as, when bound for life,
The huſband ſuffers for the wife;
So if, in any works of rhime,
Perchance there blunders out a crime,

Poor culprit bards muſt always rue it,
Altho' 'tis plain the Muſes do it)
Sooner or later, cannot fail
To ſend me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we chuſe
In modern days without a Muſe,
Juſt as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,
As if, tho' they muſt be the play'rs,
The game was wholly his, not theirs)
Whate'er my theme, the Muſe, who ſtill
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal politics appears.
Time was, and if I ought diſcern
Of Fate, that time ſhall ſoon return,
When decent and demure at leaſt,
As grave and dull as any prieſt,
I could ſee Vice in robes array'd,
Could ſee the game of Folly play'd
Succeſsfully in Fortune's ſchool,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
I lacquied, with the fawning croud,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I ſtand, as if wiſe Fate,
To compliment a ſhatter'd ſtate,
Had me, like Atlas, hither ſent
To ſhoulder up the firmament,

And if I ſtoop'd, with gen'ral crack,
The Heavens would tumble from my back;
Time was, when rank and ſituation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all controul; ſatire and law
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, decorum loſt, I ſtand
Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry ſenſe of ſhame,
Careleſs of Safety and of Fame,
The names of Scoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the Town.

How can a Stateſman be ſecure
In all his villanies, if poor
And dirty Authors thus ſhall dare
To lay his rotten boſom bare?
Muſes ſhall paſs away their time,
In dreſſing out the Poet's rhime
With bells and ribbands, and array
Each line in harmleſs taſte, tho' gay.
When the hot burning fit is on,
They ſhould regale their reſtleſs ſon
With ſomething to allay his rage,
Some cool Caſtalian beverage,
Or ſome ſuch draught (tho' they, 'tis plain,
Taking the Muſes name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report,
As makes a Whitehead's ode go down,
Or ſlakes the Feverette of Brown:

But who would in his ſenſes think
Of Muſes giving gall to drink,
Or that their folly ſhould afford
To raving poets gun or ſword?
Poets were ne'er deſign'd by Fate
To meddle with affairs of ſtate,
Nor would, if we may ſpeak our thought
Truly, as men of honour ought):
Sound policy their rage admit,
To launch the thunderbolts of wit
About thoſe heads, which, when they're ſhot,
Can't tell if 'twas by wit, or not.

Theſe things well known, what devil in ſpite
Can have ſeduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which muſt have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever poet had before,
Of wit and virtue, in diſgrace
Would keep me ſtill, and out of place,
Which, if ſome judge (you'll underſtand
One famous, famous thro' the land
For making law) would ſtand my friend,
At laſt may in a pill'ry end,
And all this, I myſelf admit,
Without one cauſe to lead to it.——

For inſtance now—this book—the Ghoſt—
Methinks I hear ſome critic poſt
Remark moſt gravely—"The firſt word
"Which we about the Ghoſt have heard."

Peace, my good Sir—not quite ſo faſt—
What is the firſt, may be the laſt,
Which is a point, all muſt agree,
Cannot depend on you or me.
Fanny, no Ghoſt of common mould,
s not by forms to be controul'd;
To keep her ſtate, and ſhew her ſkill,
She never comes but when ſhe will.
I wrote, and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And ſhrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my diſgrace,
I too am in the ſelf-ſame caſe)
But ſtill I wrote, till Fanny came
mpatient, nor could any ſhame,
On me with equal juſtice fall,
f ſhe had never come at all.
An underling, I could not ſtir
Vithout the cue thrown out by her;
For from the ſubject aid receive
ntil ſhe came, and gave me leave.
o that (ye ſons of erudition,
Mark, this is but a ſuppoſition,
or wou'd I to ſo wiſe a nation
ggeſt it as a revelation)
henceforth, dully turning o'er
ge after page, ye read no more
Fanny, who, in ſea or air,
ay be departed God knows where,
il at jilt Fortune, but agree
o cenſure can be laid on me;
r ſure (the cauſe let Mansfield try)
nny is in the fault, not I.

But to return—and this I hold,
A ſecret worth its weight in gold
To thoſe who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and ſtile,
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a paſſage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Thro' dirt, who ſcruples to approach,
At Pleaſure's call, to take a coach?
But we ſhould think the man a clown
Who in the dirt ſhould ſet us down.

But to return—if Wit, who ne'er
The ſhackles of reſtraint could bear,
In wayward humour ſhould refuſe
Her timely ſuccour to the Muſe,
And to no rules and orders tied
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She muſt renounce Decorum's plan,
And get back when, and how ſhe can;
As Parſons, who, without pretext,
As ſoon as mention'd, quit their text,
And, to promote Sleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reaſon (for we know
Reaſon is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come back (ſhould it befal
That ever they came back at all)
Into the road, to end their rout,
Than they can give why they went out.

But to return—this book—the Ghoſt—
A mere amuſement at the moſt;
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day;
A ſlight ſhot ſilk, for ſummer wear,
Juſt as our modern Stateſmen are;
If rigid honeſty permit
That I for once purloin the Wit
Of him, who, were we all to ſteal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel.
Yet in this book, where Eaſe ſhould join
With Mirth to ſugar ev'ry line,
Where it ſhould all be mere chit chat,
Lively, good-humour'd, and all that;
Where honeſt Satire, in diſgrace,
Should not ſo much as ſhew her face,
The Shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's ſacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks,
In Science, Trade, and Politics.

But why ſhould the diſtemper'd ſcold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In Pow'r's dread book, whoſe mighty ſkill
Can twiſt an Empire to their will;
Whoſe voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, Liberty, and Life are hung;
Whom, on inquiry, truth ſhall find,
With Stuarts link'd, time out of mind
Superior to their country's laws,
Defenders of a Tyrant's cauſe,

Men, who the ſame damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old,
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, purſue
The end which they had firſt in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much leſs honour, much more art?
Why, at the corners of the ſtreets,
To ev'ry Patriot drudge ſhe meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should ſhe wild clamours vent, or why,
The minds of Groundlings to inflame,
A Daſhwood, Bute, and Wyndham name;
Why, having not, to our ſurpriſe,
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should ſhe an argument afford
For blood, to men who wear a ſword;
Men, who can nicely trim and pare
A point of Honour to a hair;
Honour—a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,
Which my Lord quite in rapture feels,
Dangling, and rattling with his Seals.
Honour—a word, which all the Nine
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thouſand Lockes—
Which (for I leave to wiſer heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What Honour is, on their wild plan)

Is not, to take it in their way,
And this we ſure may dare to ſay,
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, Law, Honeſty, or Senſe.
Men, who all ſpirit, life, and ſoul,
Neat butchers of a button-hole,
Having more ſkill, believe it true
That they muſt have more courage too.
Men, who without a place or name,
Their fortunes ſpeechleſs as their fame,
Would by the ſword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than ſtarve?
At Coronations, a vaſt field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good ſound food, at once moſt fit
For purpoſes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious Satire reſt,
Content with what ſhe might digeſt;
Could ſhe not feaſt on things of courſe,
A Champion, or a Champion's horſe;
A Champion's horſe—no, better ſay,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A horſe, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rhime, a Pegaſus,
A Rider, who, when once got on,
Might paſs for a Bellerophon,
Dropt on a ſudden from the ſkies,
To catch, and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To ſwitch, with wand inſtead of whip,
The world with noble horſemanſhip;
To twiſt and twine both horſe and man,
In ſuch a well-concerted plan,

That, Centaur like, when all was done,
We ſcarce could think they were not one?
Could ſhe not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of new-coin'd peers,
Who walk'd, nobility forgot,
With ſhoulders fitter for a knot,
Than robes of Honour, for whoſe ſake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, becauſe they could not find,
Great predeceſſors to their mind?
Could ſhe not (tho' 'tis doubtful ſince
Whether he Plumber is, or Prince)
Tell of a ſimple Knight's advance
To be a doughty Peer of France;
Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
And Robinſon was Aquitain;
Tell how our city-chiefs, diſgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd,
A groſs neglect, which, whilſt they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive;
A groſs neglect, of all thoſe rights
Which march with city appetites,
Of all thoſe canons, which we find
By Gluttony, time out of mind,
Eſtabliſh'd; which they ever hold,
Dearer than any thing but Gold?

Thanks to my Stars—I now ſee ſhore—
Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more—
Thus ſtumbling on my city friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpoſe bends

In line direct, and ſhall purſue
The point which I had firſt in view;
Nor more ſhall with the Reader ſport
Till I have ſeen him ſafe in port.
Huſh'd be each fear—no more I bear
Thro' the wide regions of the air
The Reader terrified, no more
Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain tract from henceforth mine—
Croſs-roads to Allen I reſign;
Allen, the honour of this nation;
Allen, himſelf a corporation;
Allen, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own;
Allen, the firſt of letter'd men,
Since the good Biſhop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his ſtand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—one more digreſſion hence—
Let us return to Common Senſe,
The car of Phœbus I diſcharge;
My carriage now a Lord Mayor's barge.

Suppoſe we now—we may ſuppoſe
In verſe, what would be ſin in proſe—
The ſky with darkneſs overſpread,
And ev'ry Star retir'd to bed;
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In ſome dark corner thrown aſide;
Great Lords and Ladies giving way
To what they ſeem to ſcorn by day,

The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art;
Desire triumphant thro' the Night,
And Beauty panting with delight;
Chastity, Woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of Morn laid down;
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sullied in the Night;
Dull Ceremony, business o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution, trudging all about
To see the candles safely out,
Bearing a mighty Master-key,
Habited like Oeconomy,
Stamping each lock with triple seals,
Mean Av'rice creeping at her heels.

Suppose we too, like sheep in pen,
The Mayor and Court of Aldermen
Within their barge, which, thro' the deep,
The rowers more than half asleep,
Mov'd slow, as overcharg'd with State,
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt the bauble heavier far
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head,
With lib'ral hand his poppies shed,
Each head by Dulness rend'red fit
Sleep and his empire to admit.
Thro' the whole passage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half sound was heard;
Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm
The Steersman nodding o'er the helm,

The Rower, without force or ſkill,
Left the dull Barge to drive at will;
The ſluggiſh Oars ſuſpended hung,
And even Beardmore held his tongue.
Commerce, regardful of a fright,
On which depended half her ſtate,
Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
She ſafely clear'd that bank of ſand,
Where, ſtranded, our Weſt-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet;
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides and brings them aid;
Next (for the Muſes can ſurvey
Objects by night as well as day,
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkneſs and light to them the ſame)
They paſt that building which of old
Queen-mothers were deſign'd to hold,
At preſent a mere lodging-pen,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and ſoldiers tread
Where Dowagers have laid their head;
Why ſhould we mention Surrey-ſtreet,
Where ev'ry week grave Judges meet,
All fitted out with hum and ha,
In proper form to drawl out law,
To ſee all cauſes duly tried
Twixt Knaves who drive, and Fools who ride?
Why at the Temple ſhould we ſtay?
What of the Temple dare we ſay?
A dang'rous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,

Where, as the brethren of the ſeas,
For fares, the lawyers ply for fees.
What of that Bridge, moſt wiſely made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade,
In the great mart of all this nation,
By ſtopping up the navigation,
And to that ſand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?—
What of that Bridge, which void of ſenſe,
But well ſupplied with impudence,
Engliſhmen, knowing not the Guild,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till Paterſon as white as milk,
As ſmooth as oil, as ſoft as ſilk,
In ſolemn manner had decreed,
That, on the other ſide the Tweed,
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne, a man unknown,
But grace, preferment, and renown
Deſerving, juſt arriv'd in town;
One Mylne, an artiſt perfect quite,
Both in his own, and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge, as he,
With glorious Pataviniy,
To build inſcriptions, worthy found
To lye for ever under ground.

Much more, worth obſervation too,
Was this a ſeaſon to purſue
The theme, our Muſe might tell in rhime,
The will ſhe hath, but not the time;

For ſwift as ſhaft from Indian bow,
(And when a Goddeſs comes, we know,
Surpaſſing Nature acts prevail,
And boats want neither oar, nor ſail)
The veſſel paſt, and reach'd the ſhore
So quick, that thought was ſcarce before.

Suppoſe we now our city-court
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And, of their ſtate regardleſs quite,
Landed, like ſmuggled goods, by night;
The ſolemn magiſtrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown,
With ev'ry other enſign gone;
Suppoſe the woollen night-cap on,
The fleſh-bruſh us'd with decent ſtate
To make the ſpirits circulate,
(A form which to the ſenſes true,
The liq'riſh Chaplain uſes too,
Tho' ſomething to improve the plan,
He takes the Maid inſtead of Man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
To ſhew the vigour of threeſcore,
The vigour of threeſcore and ten
Above the proof of younger men;
Suppoſe the mighty Dulman led
Betwixt two ſlaves, and put to bed;
Suppoſe the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great town,
The drone as faſt aſleep, as he
Muſt in the courſe of Nature be,

Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.

There let him sleep, whilst we survey
The preparations for the day,
That day, on which was to be shewn
Court-pride by City-pride outdone.

The jealous Mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That Daughter, who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.

The wretch, of God and man accurs'd,
Of all Hell's instruments the worst,
Draws forth his pawns, and for the day
Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
Around his awkward doxy shine
The treasures of Golconda's mine;
Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.

Garments, well-sav'd, (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well sav'd, which first were made,
When tailors, to promote their trade,
Against the Picts in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like names, and titles, which descend
Successively from Sire to Son;
Garments, unless some work is done

Of note, not ſuffer'd to appear
'Bove once at moſt in ev'ry year,
Were now, in ſolemn form, laid bare
To take the benefit of air.
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this ſolemnity, to void
That ſcent, which Ruſſia's leather gave,
From vile and impious moth to ſave.

Each head was buſy, and each heart
In preparation bore a part.
Running together all about,
The ſervants put each other out,
Till the grave maſter had decreed,
The more haſte, ever the worſt ſpeed;
Miſs with her little eyes half clos'd,
Over a ſmuggled toilet doz'd,
The waiting maid, whom Story notes
A very ſcrub in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In ſlumbers lean'd againſt the wall;
Milliners ſummon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in ſhoals at Temple-bar,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of foppery from Court;
With labour'd viſible deſign
Art ſtrove to be ſuperbly fine;
Nature, more pleaſing, tho' more wild,
Taught otherwiſe her darling child,
And cried, with ſpirited diſdain,
Be H—— elegant and plain.

Lo! from the chambers of the East,
A welcome prelude to the feast,
In saffron-colour'd robe array'd,
High in a Car by Vulcan made,
Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
High mettled, of celestial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
And held her empire, till outrun
By that brave jolly groom, the Sun.

The trumpet—hark! it speaks—it swells
The loud full harmony; it tells
The time at hand, when Dulman, led
By form his citizens must head,
And march those troops which at his call
Were now assembled to Guild-hall,
On matters of importance great
To Court and City, Church and State.

From end to end the sound makes way,
All hear the signal, and obey;
But Dulman, who, his charge forgot,
By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
Hear any trumpet, but the last.

Crape, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the Maid's bed to his own,
Then, in the spirituals of pride,
Planted himself at Dulman's side.

Thrice did the ever-faithful ſlave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke Death's adamantine chain,
On Dulman call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm which might have made
The Theban Boxer curſe his trade,
The drone he ſhook, who rear'd the head,
And thrice fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd,
And what, an inference moſt plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again.

Under his pillow (ſtill in mind
The proverb kept, Faſt bind, faſt find)
Each bleſſed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away eſſay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick ſtarted he with ſtupid ſtare,
For all his little ſoul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow-chair, and morning-gown;
Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, waſh'd, and ſprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of robes, and trumpery of ſtate;
Behold him (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourſelves, and chaplain paid,
Like ſlaves, in ev'ry other trade,

Had Mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having, as uſual, ſaid his pray'rs,
Go titter, totter, to the ſtairs;
Behold him for deſcent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He ſtarts, he pauſes on the brink,
And, hard to credit, ſeems to think;
Thro' his whole ſtrain (the chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry ſlave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each ſtarted, paus'd, and aim'd at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and, ſilent for a ſeaſon,
At laſt with Crape begins to reaſon;
But firſt of all he made a ſign
That ev'ry ſoul, but the Divine,
Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repoſe.

Crape—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful ſtep I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
By foes and friends obſerve me ſtill,
I mean not thoſe who well, or ill
Perhaps may wiſh me, but thoſe who
Have't in their pow'r to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the ſtate,
In too much hurry to be great,

Or thro' much zeal, a motive, Crape,
Deſerving praiſe, into a ſcrape
I, like a fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a wiſe man, ſhould get out.
Not that, Remark without replies,
I ſay that to get out is wiſe;
Or, by the very ſelf-ſame rule
That to get in was like a Fool;
The marrow of this argument
Muſt wholly reſt on the event,
And therefore, which is really hard,
Againſt events too I muſt guard.

Should things continue as they ſtand,
And Bute prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, Honours on my zeal may ſmile,
And ſtamp me Earl of ſome great iſle;
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The preſent miniſter goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can ſtand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with thoſe in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I ſhould not, like a blockhead, chuſe
To gain theſe ſo, as thoſe to loſe;
'Tis good in ev'ry caſe, you know,
To have two ſtrings unto our bow.

As one in wonder loſt, Crape view'd
His Lord, who thus his ſpeech purſu'd:

This, my good Crape, is my grand point,
And, as the times are out of joint,
The greateſt caution is requir'd
To bring about the point deſir'd;
What I would wiſh to bring about
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in diſpute, you know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy taſk—the Rev'rend ſlave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground, and rooted ſtood,
Juſt like a man cut out of wood,
Such as we ſee (without the leaſt
Reflection glancing on the prieſt)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almoſt in ev'ry church in town;
He ſtood ſome minutes, then like one
Who wiſh'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, ſhook his head,
And thus the man of ſorrow ſaid:

Hard is this taſk, too hard I ſwear,
By much too hard for me to bear;
Beyond expreſſion hard my part,
Could mighty Dulman ſee my heart,
When he, alas! makes known a will,
Which Crape's not able to fulfil,
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard

To Sense and Honour? could I reach
Thy meaning without help of speech,
At the first motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not said, not what I ought,
But what my earthly master taught?
Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty strong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did every int'rest, to whom thou
Can'st not with more devotion bow,
Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not at thy table plac'd,
When business call'd aloud for haste,
Torn myself thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites, as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd
Of voluntary servitude,
Pursu'd, without or shame or fear,
Thro' the great circle of the year,
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r,
Commands which baffle all my skill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his slave afford;
This task, for my poor strength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dulman's wit.

With such gross incense gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor Crape—and shook his empty head—
Poor puzzled Crape, wise Dulman said,
Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
For things of lower note design'd,
For things within the vulgar reach,
To run of errands, and to preach,
Well hast thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet
Of such high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
And all I said was but a joke.

Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
Or to my person, or my place;
The wisest of the sons of men
Have deign'd to use them now and then.
The only caution, do you see,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common use and men exempt,
Is that they may not breed contempt;
Great use they have, when in the hands
Of one, like me, who understands,
Who understands the time, and place,
The persons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; so that we find,
If all the requisites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke must spring,
A joke's a very serious thing.

But to our buſineſs—my deſign,
Which gave ſo rough a ſhock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which, like broad-cloth, I can with eaſe,
Cut out in any ſhape I pleaſe.

Some, in my circumſtance, ſome few,
Ay, and thoſe men of genius too,
Good men, who, without love or hate,
Whether they early riſe or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit ſound,
Riſe worth a hundred thouſand pound,
By threadbare ways and means would try
To bear their point---ſo will not I.
New methods ſhall my wiſdom find
To ſuit theſe matters to my mind;
So that the Infidels at Court,
Who make our City Wits their ſport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that Dulman bears a brain.

Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;
Would lend a wife, who, they might ſwear
Safely, was none the worſe for wear;
Would ſee a Daughter, yet a maid,
Into a Stateſman's arms betray'd;
Nay, ſhould the Girl prove coy, nor know
What Daughters to a Father owe,
Sooner than ſchemes ſo nobly plann'd
Should fail, themſelves would lend a hand;

Would vote on one ſide, whilſt a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget,
To public eye be with one ſet;
In private with a ſecond herd,
And be a proxy with a third;
Would (like a Queen, of whom I read
The other day---her name is fled---
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his Cat I found,
A tale moſt true, and free from art,
Which all Lord-Mayors ſhould have by heart)
A Queen (O might thoſe days begin
Afreſh, when Queens would learn to ſpin!)
Who wrought, and wrought, but, for ſome plot,
The cauſe of which I've now forgot,
During the abſence of the Sun
Undid, what ſhe by day had done,)
Whilſt they a double viſage wear,
What's ſworn by day, by night unſwear.

Such be their Arts, and ſuch perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new ſyſtem mine ſhall ſpring,
A *Locum-tenens* is the thing.
That's your true plan---to obligate
The preſent Miniſters of State,
My Shadow ſhall our Court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my coach;
My fine State-coach, ſuperb to view,
A fine State-coach, and paid for too;

To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of thoſe who're out of place.
In the mean time, I—that's to ſay—
I proper, I myſelf—here ſtay.

But hold—perhaps unto the Nation,
Who hate the Scot's adminiſtration,
To lend my Coach may ſeem to be
Declaring for the miniſtry;
For where the City-coach is, there
Is the true eſſence of the Lord Mayor;
Therefore (for wiſe men are intent
Evils at diſtance to prevent,
Whilſt Fools the evils firſt endure,
And then are plagu'd to ſeek a cure)
No Coach—a Horſe—and free from fear
To make our Deputy appear,
Faſt on his back ſhall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his ſide;
Then for a Horſe—thro' all the land,
To head our ſolemn city band,
Can any one ſo fit be found,
As he, who in Artill'ry ground,
Without a Rider, noble ſight,
Led on our braveſt troops to fight.

But firſt, Crape, for my Honour's ſake,
A tender point, inquiry make
About that Horſe, if the diſpute
Is ended, or is ſtill in ſuit.
For whilſt a cauſe (obſerve this plan
Of Juſtice) whether Horſe or man

The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That Pow'r muſt Tyranny appear,
Which ſhould, pre-judging, interfere,
And weak faint Judges over-awe
To bias the free courſe of law.

You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you muſt appear,
Whilſt I in privacy ſit here;
Here ſhall great Dulman ſit alone,
Making this elbow chair my-throne;
And, you performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.

Crape heard, and ſpeeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey;
Not without trouble be aſſur'd,
A proper Proxy was procur'd
To ſerve ſuch infamous intent,
And ſuch a Lord to repreſent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t'other ſide of London-wall.

The trumpet ſounds---ſolemn and ſlow
Behold the grand Proceſſion go,
All moving on, Cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er deſign'd.

Conſtables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;

Beadles, who hold the second place,
By virtue of a silver mace,
Which ev'ry Saturday is drawn,
For use of Sunday, out of pawn;
Treasurers, who, with empty key
Secure an empty treasury;
Church-wardens, who their course pursue
In the same state, as to their pew;
Church-wardens of Saint Marg'ret go,
Since Pierson taught them pride and show,
Who in short transient pomp appear,
Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year;
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the poor's-box;
Not knowing that, with private keys,
They ope and shut it when they please;
Overseers, who by frauds insure
The heavy curses of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, Bulls and Bears,
Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous, flaming in the van,
Stalk'd the professor Sheridan;
A man of wire, a mere pantine,
A downright animal machine.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an Ode,
And how to butcher Ammon's son,
And poor Jack Dryden both in one.
On all occasions, next the chair
He stands, for service of the Mayor,

And to inſtruct him how to uſe
His A's, and B's, and P's, and Q's.
O'er Letters, into tatters worn,
O'er Syllables, defac'd and torn,
O'er Words disjointed, and o'er Senſe
Left deſtitute of all defence,
He ſtrides, and all the way he goes,
Wades deep in blood, o'er Criſs-Croſs-Rows.
Before him, ev'ry Conſonant
In agonies is ſeen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The Ghoſts of tortur'd Vowels groan.

Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And city favour, came in place;
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend Age.
When a Court-dame, to grace his brows
Reſolv'd, is wed to City Spouſe,
Their aid with Madam's aid muſt join
The aukward Dotard to refine,
And teach, whence trueſt glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a Kit, and each,
To ſhew how fit he was to teach
A Cit, an Alderman, a Mayor,
Led in a ſtring a dancing Bear.

Since the revival of Fingal,
Cuſtom (and cuſtom's all in all)
Commands that we ſhould have regard,
On all high ſeaſons, to the Bard.

Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty Lockman came;
And, ne'er forgot in Dulman's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The uniformity of Pride,
Brought brother Whitehead by his side.

On horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And cast his fiery eye-balls round,
Snorting and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpose fit,
His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
Great Dymock, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the Coronation.
Not so our city Dymock came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame;
No mark of sense, his eyes half-clos'd,
He on a mighty Dray-horse doz'd.
Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such a man to ride,
Nor find a man, with strictest care,
So fit for such a horse to bear.
Hung round with instruments of death,
The sight of him would stop the breath
Of braggart cowardice, and make
The very Court-drawcansir quake.
With Durks, which in the hands of Spite,
Do their damn'd business in the night,
From Scotland sent, but here display'd
Only to fill up the parade;

With ſwords, unfleſh'd, of maiden hue,
Which Rage or Valour never drew;
With Blunderbuſſes, taught to ride,
Like Pocket-piſtols, by his ſide,
In girdle ſtuck, he ſeem'd to be
A little moving armory.
One thing much wanted to compleat
The ſight, and make a perfect treat,
Was that the Horſe (a courteſy
In horſes found of high degree)
Inſtead of going forward on,
All the way backward ſhould have gone.
Horſes, unleſs they breeding lack,
Some ſcruple make to turn their back;
Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,
No ſcruple make of turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the reſt,
Fit only for a ſtanding jeſt,
The independent (can you get
A better ſuited epithet?)
The independent Amyand came,
All burning with the ſacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great ſtock of Slav'ry grows;
Like Sparrow, who, depriv'd of mate,
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From ſpray to ſpray no more will hop,
But ſits alone on the houſe top;
Or like himſelf, when all alone
At Croydon, he was heard to groan,

Lifting both hands in the defence
Of Intereſt, and Common-ſenſe;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and purſu'd his plan,
The Left-hand had been loneſome quite,
If he had not held up the right;
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a diſtant prize,
On which, in letters worthy note,
There, Twenty Thouſand Pounds was wrote.
Falſe trap, for Credit ſapp'd is found
By getting twenty thouſand pound;
Nay, look not thus on me, and ſtare,
Doubting the certainty—to ſwear
In ſuch caſe I ſhould be loth—
But Perry Cuſt may take his oath.

In plain and decent garb array'd
With the prim Quaker, Fraud, came Trade;
Connivance, to improve the plan,
Habited like a Jury-man,
Judging as intereſt prevails,
Came next with meaſures, weights, and ſcales;
Extortion next, of helliſh race,
A Cub moſt damn'd, to ſhew his face
Forbid by fear, but not by ſhame,
Turn'd to a Jew, like —— —— came;
Corruption, Midas-like, behold
Turning whate'er ſhe touch'd to gold,
Impotence led by Luſt, and Pride
Strutting with Ponton by her ſide;

Hypocriſy, demure and ſad,
In garments of the Prieſthood clad,
So well diſguis'd, that you might ſwear,
Deceiv'd, a very Prieſt was there;
Bankruptcy, full of eaſe and health,
And wallowing in well-ſaved wealth,
Came ſneering thro' a ruin'd band,
And bring B——— in her hand;
Victory hanging down her head,
Was by a Highland Stallion led;
Peace, cloath'd in ſables, with a face
Which witneſs'd ſenſe of huge diſgrace,
Which ſpake a deep and rooted ſhame
Both of herſelf and of her name,
Mourning creeps on, and bluſhing feels
War, grim War, treading on her heels;
Pale Credit, ſhaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worſe hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to ſtand,
Well nigh deſtroy'd by ſickly fit,
Look'd wiſtful all around for PITT.
Freedom—at that moſt hallow'd name
My ſpirits mount into a flame,
Each pulſe beats high, and each nerve ſtrains
Even to the cracking; thro' my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am Freedom's ſon—
Freedom came next, but ſcarce was ſeen,
When the ſky, which appear'd ſerene
And gay before, was overcaſt;
Horror beſtrode a foreign blaſt,

And from the prison of the North,
To Freedom deadly storms burst forth.

A Car like those, in which, we're told,
Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with Death, six horses bear
Thro' the black region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame,
From their wild nostrils; every steed
Was of that ancient savage breed
Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
The flesh of man, their drink his blood.

On the first horses, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and sleek, that lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd riders side by side,
And Poverty was yoak'd with Pride:
Union most strange it must appear,
Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,
With rage, which words can ill express,
With unforgiving rage, which springs
From a false zeal for holy things,
Wearing such robes as prophets wear,
False prophets plac'd in Peter's chair,
On which, in characters of fire,
Shapes antic, horrible, and dire,
Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of Sainted Devils, where all round
Vile Reliques of vile men were found,

Who, worſe than Devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
Jugglers, Inquiſitors, and Popes,
Pointing at axes, wheels, and ropes,
And engines fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the deſtroyer, Man,
Could, to promote his ſelfiſh views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to uſe,
Bearing, to conſecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a crucifix,
Remembrance of our dying Lord,
And in her right a two-edg'd ſword;
Having her brows, in impious ſport,
Adorn'd with words of high import;
On earth Peace, amongſt men, Good Will,
Love-bearing, and forbearing ſtill,
All wrote in the heart's blood of thoſe
Who rather death than falſhood choſe;
On her breaſt (where, in days of yore,
When God lov'd Jews, the High Prieſt wore
Thoſe oracles, which were decreed
T' inſtruct and guide the choſen ſeed)
Having, with glory clad and ſtrength,
The Virgin pictur'd at full length,
Whilſt at her feet, in ſmall pourtray'd,
As ſcarce worth notice, Chriſt was laid,
Came Superſtition, fierce and fell,
An imp deteſted, even in hell;
Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully beſmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled ſaints ſhe rode;
Faſt at her heels death proudly ſtrode,

And grimly ſmil'd, well pleas'd to ſee
Such havock of mortality.
Cloſe by her ſide, on miſchief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, ſavage, wild,
The mother fit of ſuch a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of Sin and Death, came Ignorance.

With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And Sov'reign Pow'r by Pride diſgrac'd,
Where, loudly witneſſing a mind
Of ſavage more than human kind,
Not chuſing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, Miſrule appear'd,
With eye-balls glaring fiery red
Enough to ſtrike beholders dead,
Gnaſhing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws; without remorſe
Whipping, and ſpurring on his horſe,
Whoſe ſides, in their own blood embay'd,
Even to the bone were open laid,
Came Tyranny; diſdaining awe,
And trampling over Senſe and Law.
One thing and only one he knew,
One object only would purſue,
Tho' leſs, (ſo low doth paſſion bring)
Than man, he would be more than king.

With ev'ry argument and art,
Which might corrupt the head and heart,

Soothing the Frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd,
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look;
Employ'd, whilſt it conceal'd a hook;
When ſimple moſt, moſt to be fear'd;
Moſt crafty, when no craft appear'd;
His tales, no man like him could tell;
His words which melted as they fell,
Might even a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,
Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Thoſe who had cheated been before:
Such Flatt'ry came in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by Proſtitution great,
Would be firſt miniſter of ſtate.

Within the chariot all alone,
High ſeated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a Figure came,
Whom Juſtice would, but dare not name.
Hard times! when Juſtice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of thoſe who dare offend
'Gainſt Juſtice, and pervert her end;
But, if the Muſe afford me grace,
Deſcription ſhall ſupply the place.

In foreign garments he was clad,
Sage Ermine o'er the gloſſy Plaid
Caſt rev'rend honour, on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of Art,

In silver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly, or than earthly star,
Shone a White Rose, the emblem dear
Of him he ever must revere,
Of that dread Lord, who, with his host
Of faithful native rebels lost,
Like those black Spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A Bonnet most superbly grac'd
With mighty Thistles, nor forgot
The sacred motto, Touch me not.

In the right hand a sword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South;
The reeking blade to view presents
The blood of helpless Innocents;
And, on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the shearers dumb,
With downcast eye, and solemn show
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.

In his left hand, in wax impress,
With bells and gewgaws idly dress,
An Image, cast in baby mould,
He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes; to this,
Bowing, he gave the loyal kiss;

And, for Rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to desire the Antitype.
What if to that Pretender's foes
His greatness, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And shake his constancy of mind?
Scorning such weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he still remains,
Tho' he the friend of George appear;
Dissimulation's Virtue here.

Jealous and mean, he, with a frown,
Would awe and keep all merit down;
Nor would to Truth and Justice bend,
Unless out-bullied by his friend;
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himself a coward slave;
Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a subtle train he springs,
And, secret, saps the ear of kings;
But not even there continues firm
'Gainst the resistance of a worm;
Born in a country, where the will
Of one is law to all, he still
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To spread it wherefoe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, Law defied,
The prostitute of Pow'r and Pride;
Law he with ease explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Sense astray;

Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cauſe he can't maintain,
Proceeds on moſt familiar grounds,
And where he can't convince, confounds:
Talents of rareſt ſtamp and ſize,
To Nature falſe, he miſapplies,
And turns to poiſon what was ſent
For purpoſes of nouriſhment.

Paleneſs, not ſuch as on his wings
The meſſenger of Sickneſs brings;
But ſuch as takes its coward riſe
From conſcious baſeneſs, conſcious vice,
O'erſpread his cheeks; Diſdain and Pride,
To upſtart Fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
Inſidious, lurking like a ſpy
To caution principled by fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert Miſchief; Paſſion hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breaſt
All that makes Villain found a neſt.
All that, on hell's completeſt plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the Car reach'd land, He roſe,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's beſt blood, which was enough
Had hearts been made of ſterner ſtuff
In cities than elſewhere to make
The very ſtouteſt quail, and quake,

He caſt his baleful eyes around;
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on Surprize, All ſtood,
And Horror chill'd their curdled blood.
No more they thought of Pomp, no more
(For they had ſeen his face before)
Of Law they thought; the cauſe forgot,
Whether it was or Ghoſt or Plot,
Which drew them there, they all ſtood more
Like Statues than they were before.

What could be done? Could Art, could Force
Or both, direct a proper courſe
To make this ſavage monſter tame,
Or ſend him back the way he came?
What neither Art nor Force, nor both,
Could do, a Lord of foreign growth,
A Lord to that baſe wretch allied
In Country, not in Vice and Pride,
Effected; from the ſelf-ſame land,
(Bad news for our blaſpheming band
Of Scribblers, but deſerving note)
The poiſon came, and antidote.
Abaſh'd, the Monſter hung his head,
And, like an empty viſion fled;
His train, like virgin ſnows which run,
Kiſs'd by the burning bawdy Sun,
To loveſick ſtreams, diſſolv'd in air;
Joy, who from abſence ſeem'd more fair,
Came ſmiling, freed from ſlaviſh awe;
Loyalty, Liberty, and Law.

Impatient of the galling chain,
And yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
And, burning with the glorious flame
Of public Virtue, Mansfield came.

THE

CONFERENCE.

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THE CONFERENCE.

GRACE ſaid in form, which Sceptics muſt agree,
When they are told that Grace was ſaid by me;
The ſervants gone, to break the ſcurvy jeſt
On the proud Landlord, and his thread-bare gueſt;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
My Lord, in uſual taſte, began to yawn;
And, lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an inſipid kind of ſtupid ſtare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his ſeals about—
Churchill, you have a Poem coming out.
You've my beſt wiſhes; but I really fear
Your Muſe in general is too ſevere;
Her ſpirit ſeems her int'reſt to oppoſe,
And, where ſhe makes one friend, makes twenty foes.

C. Your Lordſhip's fears are juſt, I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of courſe.
The man, whoſe hardy ſpirit ſhall engage
To laſh the vices of a guilty age,
At his firſt ſetting forward, ought to know,
That every rogue he meets muſt be his foe;
That the rude breath of Satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the ſtroke.
But ſhall the partial rage of ſelfiſh men
From ſtubborn Juſtice wrench the righteous pen;

Or, shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to Virtue too?

L. What is this boasted Virtue, taught in schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? point out one wholesome end;
Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this fame Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm,
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling Dun,
Barely by saying, thou art Virtue's son?
Or, by base blund'ring Statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not; the name is in disgrace,
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.

Quit then this Meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True Virtue means, let Reason use her eyes,
Nothing with Fools, and int'rest with the Wise.
Would'st thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreathes thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go?
To be successful try thy utmost force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of course.

Hirco (who knows not Hirco?) ſtains the bed
Of that kind maſter who firſt gave him bread,
Scatters the ſeeds of diſcord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band;
Beholds with joy a truſting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a ſon:
What mortal in his ſenſes can endure
The name of Hirco, for the wretch is poor?
"Let him hang, drown, ſtarve, on a dunghill rot;
"By all deteſted live, and die forgot;
"Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
"Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death,"
Is now the gen'ral cry we all purſue;
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too,
Supple and pliant a new ſyſtem feels,
Throws up her cap, and ſpaniels at his heels,
Long live great Hirco, cries, by int'reſt taught,
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to ſuch men, if ſuch men can have peace;
Let their poſſeſſions, let their ſtate increaſe;
Let their baſe ſervices in courts ſtrike root,
And in the ſeaſon bring forth golden fruit.
I envy not; let thoſe who have the will,
And, with ſo little ſpirit, ſo much ſkill,
With ſuch vile inſtruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honeſt man dares ſtarve.

L. Theſe ſtale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit romance.
Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honeſt man would do it too.

Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the ſky,
And dart from pole to pole thy ſtrengthen'd eye,
Thro' all that ſpace you ſhall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on ſuch a plan.
Cowards in calms will ſay, what in a ſtorm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, ſpite of all you've ſaid,
You'd give your honour for a cruſt of bread.

C. What Proof might do, what Hunger might effect,
What famiſh'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all ſhe once held dear, what Fear, at ſtrife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward fleſh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and ſhrinking back from death,
In treaſon to my ſoul, deſcend to bear,
Truſting to Fate, I neither know nor care.

Once, at this hour thoſe wounds afreſh I feel,
Which not Proſperity nor time can heal;
Thoſe wounds which Fate ſeverely hath decreed,
Mention'd, or thought of, muſt for ever bleed;
Thoſe wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings ſuch mighty aid to Virtue's plan;
Once aw'd by Fortune's moſt oppreſſive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at laſt gaſp, my ſtate undone,
Trembling to meet the ſhock I could not ſhun,
Virtue gave ground, and black Deſpair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the ſtorm, my ſpirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith, till One, a friend indeed!
(May all diſtreſs find ſuch in time of need)

One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By Virtue guided, and by Wisdom taught,
Image of him whom Christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd;
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by Rogues, and not belov'd by Fools;
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth,
So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,
That, as a boon, I should base shackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myself a slave;
That I should in the train of those appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor manhood fear?

That I no longer skulk from street to street,
Afraid lest Duns assail, and Bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcase bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the aukward friend,
Whose very obligations must offend;
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn
At suff'ring favours which I can't return:
That, from dependence, and from pride secure,
I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
Nor yet so low, that I my Lord should fear,
Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer;
That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myself most true,
Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,

And with the will have pow'r to aid diſtreſs;
Theſe, and what other bleſſings I poſſeſs,
From the indulgence of the Public riſe;
All private Patronage my ſoul deſies.
By candour more inclin'd to ſave than damn,
A gen'rous Public made me what I am.
All that I have, They gave; juſt Mem'ry bears
The grateful ſtamp, and what I am is Theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cauſe,
To mouthe aloud for liberties and laws;
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purpoſes of private fraud.
Prudence, by Public Good, intends her own;
If you mean otherwiſe, you ſtand alone.
What do we mean by Country, and by Court?
What is it to Oppoſe, what to Support?
Mere words of courſe, and what is more abſurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Majors and Minors differ but in name,
Patriots and Miniſters are much the ſame;
The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
Is, that the One is in, the Other out.

Explore the dark receſſes of the mind,
In the ſoul's honeſt volume read mankind,
And own, in wiſe and ſimple, great and ſmall,
The ſame grand leading principle in all.
Whate'er we talk of wiſdom to the wiſe,
Of goodneſs to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim moſt dear attention at our hands,

For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our firſt great mover, and our laſt great end,
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self, is all in all.
This, which unwilling Faction ſhall admit,
Guided, in diff'rent ways, a Bute and Pitt,
Made tyrants break, and kings obſerve the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and Naſſau.

Hath Nature (ſtrange and wild conceit of Pride)
Diſtinguiſh'd thee from all her ſons beſide?
Doth virtue in thy boſom brighter glow,
Or from a ſpring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy ſoul bound with thoſe very chains
Which ſhackles us? or is that Self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we ſee
Moſt ſtrong and ſov'reign, only weak in thee?
Fond man, believe it not; Experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think, and for once lay by thy lawleſs pen;
Think, and confeſs thyſelf like other men:
Think but one hour, and to thy conſcience led,
By Reaſon's hand, bow down, and hang thy head;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyſelf now, and own with ſtricteſt truth,
That Self hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way,
Farther than Folly would have dar'd to ſtray,
And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a ſlave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have ſo long abus'd thy brain,

And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundleſs will
Let Self maintain her ſtate and empire ſtill;
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought,
To things of higher daring; let her range
Thro' better paſtures, and learn how to change;
Let her no longer to weak faction tied,
Wiſely revolt, and join our ſtronger ſide.

C. Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature! why to view
Would you thus cruelly thoſe ſcenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Muſt ſpeak me ſomething more, or leſs than man?
Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on deſpair,
Which human nature muſt, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a buſy world,
Where praiſe and cenſure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meaneſt of my thoughts controul,
Or ſhake one ſettled purpoſe of my ſoul.
Free and at large might their wild curſes roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry conſcience tells,
When ſhe with more than tragic horror ſwells
Each circumſtance of guilt, when ſtern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late Remorſe awake at Reaſon's call;
Arm'd at all points, bids Scorpion Vengeance paſs,
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glaſs,

The mind, which ſtarting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form ſhe knows to be her own.

Enough of this—let private ſorrows reſt—
As to the Public I dare ſtand the teſt;
Dare proudly boaſt, I feel no wiſh above
The good of England, and my country's love.
Stranger to party-rage, by Reaſon's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, ſhall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honeſt ſoul diſdains,
Men who, with ſervile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
To ſpread deſtruction o'er my native land.
What! ſhall I not even to my lateſt breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little ſtrength which Nature gave,
And boldly ſtem, or periſh in the wave?

L. When I look backward for ſome fifty years,
And ſee proteſting Patriots turn to Peers:
Hear men, moſt looſe, for Decency declaim,
And talk of Character, without a name;
See Infidels aſſert the cauſe of God,
And meek Divines wield Perſecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men;
See Whitehead take a place, Ralph change his pen;
I mock the zeal, and deem the men in ſport,
Who rail at miniſters, and curſe a court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhime,
Shall ſome preferment, offer'd at a time

When Virtue ſleeps, ſome ſacrifice to Pride,
Or ſome fair victim, move to change thy ſide.
Thee ſhall theſe eyes behold, to health reſtor'd,
Uſing, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's ſword;
Galling thy preſent friends, and praiſing thoſe
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greateſt foes.

C. May I (can worſe diſgrace on manhood fall!)
Be born a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul;
May I (tho' to his ſervice deeply tied
By ſacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With falſe feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And uſe his name for ſome baſe private end;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my ſick ſpirits, and unmans my ſoul)
Ruin the virtue which I held moſt dear,
And ſtill muſt hold; may I, thro' abject fear,
Betray my friend; may, to ſucceeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilſt mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of virtue is forgot;
Of all thoſe evils, which, to ſtamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in ſtore for vengeance; may the worſt
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterneſs o'erflow;
May I be ſcorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
If I am one amongſt the many known,
Whom Shelburne fled, and Calcraft bluſh'd to own.

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do; and that's the reaſon I oppoſe.
Friends I have made, whom Envy muſt commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wiſh a friend.
What if ten thouſand Butes and Foxes bawl,
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.

'Tis not the Title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious ſtreams on recent men, who came
From ſtems unknown, and ſires without a name;
'Tis not the Star, which our great Edward gave
To mark the virtuous and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilſt a baſe heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and ſin;
'Tis not the tinſel grandeur, taught to wait,
At Cuſtom's call, to mark a fool of ſtate
From fools of leſſer note, that ſoul can awe
Whoſe pride is Reaſon, whoſe defence is Law.

L. Suppoſe (a thing ſcarce poſſible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part;)
Suppoſe thy writings ſo well fenc'd in law,
That N—— cannot find, nor make a flaw;
Haſt thou not heard, that 'mongſt our ancient tribes
By Party warpt, or lull'd aſleep by Bribes,
Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,
Law hath ſuſpended ſtood, or chang'd its courſe?
Art thou aſſur'd, that, for deſtruction ripe,
Thou may'ſt not ſmart beneath the ſelf-ſame gripe?

What ſanction haſt thou, frantic in thy rhimes,
Thy life, thy freedom to ſecure?

C. The times.
'Tis not on law, a ſyſtem great and good,
By Wiſdom penn'd, and bought by nobleſt blood,
My faith relies: By wicked men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
Who knows and guides them to their proper end;
Whoſe royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere ſin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws diſpenſe,
(Bleſt be the hour and hand which ſent him hence)
For ſomething, or for nothing, for a word,
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death unheard;
Life we might all reſign to lawleſs Pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchaſe of an hour;
But Envy ne'er ſhall fix ſo foul a ſtain
On the fair annals of a Brunſwick's reign.

If ſlave to Party, to Revenge, or Pride,
If, by frail human error drawn aſide,
I break the law, ſtrict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to puniſh, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor, by the voice of Juſtice deem'd to death,
Would I aſk mercy with my lateſt breath.
But, anxious only for my country's good,
In which my King's, of courſe, is underſtood,
Form'd on a plan with ſome few patriot friends,
Whilſt by juſt means I aim at nobleſt ends,

My ſpirits cannot ſink; tho' from the tomb
Stern Jeff'ries ſhould be plac'd in Mansfield's room;
Tho' he ſhould bring, his baſe deſigns to aid,
Some black attorney, for his purpoſe made,
And ſhove, whilſt Decency and Law retreat,
The modeſt Norton from his maiden ſeat;
Tho' both, in ill confed'rates ſhould agree,
In damned league, to torture Law and me,
Whilſt George is King, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be ſecure.

But when in after-times (be far remov'd
That day) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, ſhould imperious Fate
In vengeance with freſh Stuarts curſe our ſtate;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of Law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppreſſive force,
Divert ſweet Juſtice from her even courſe;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witneſs 'gainſt my left;
Should they, abroad by inquiſitions taught,
Search out my ſoul, and damn me for a thought,
Still would I keep my courſe, ſtill ſpeak, ſtill write,
Till death had plung'd me in the ſhades of Night.

Thou God of truth, thou great, all-ſearching eye,
To whom our thoughts, our ſpirits open lie,
Grant me thy ſtrength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law ſubmits to Pow'r,

With firm resolves my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, tho' I deeply feel.

Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death;
And, if Oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks him death, she ne'er shall mark a slave;
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier.
I won't forgive that friend who drops a tear,
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn;
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to Reason, and who dies a Man.

THE AUTHOR.

THE AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom Fate ordains in [ſpite,
And cruel parents teach to Read and Write!
What need of letters? Wherefore ſhould we ſpell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.

Much are the precious hours of youth miſpent,
In climbing Learning's rugged ſteep aſcent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren ſpot,
Whilſt in the vale of Ignorance below,
Folly and Vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry ſide,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waſte,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taſte,
To bear the ſlaviſh drudgery of ſchools,
And tamely ſtoop to ev'ry pedant's rules;
For ſeven long years debarr'd of lib'ral eaſe,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of ſolemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praiſe each ſenior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reaſon bluſh, and ſpirits fail,
Manhood with vile ſubmiſſion to diſgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whoſe merit is his place;

Vice Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And Chancellors, who nothing know at all,
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit, in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise;
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.
But now, when Dulness rears aloft her throne,
When Lordly vassals her wide empire own;
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride;
What now shall tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread;
To bear those labours, which our fathers bore
That crown with-held, which they in triumph wore?

When with much pains this boasted Learning's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer;
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool,
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school;
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir.
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church, and State,
Genius is vile, and learning out of date.
Is this—O Death to think! is this the Land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,

Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd;
By whom they ſaw their glorious deeds renew'd?
Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patrons ſanctify'd their praiſe?
Is this the Land, where, on our Spencer's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Deſcription hung;
Where Johnſon rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilſt Reaſon thro' her critic fences ſmil'd;
Where Nature liſt'ning ſtood, whilſt Shakeſpeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herſelf had made?
Is this the Land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws, a ſure defence,
She mock'd at all reſtraints, but thoſe of Senſe;
Where, health and honour trooping by her ſide,
She ſpread her ſacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a ſmile;
Bade thoſe, who dare obey the generous call,
Enjoy her bleſſings, which God meant for all?
Is this the Land, where in ſome Tyrant's reign,
When a weak, wicked Miniſterial train,
The tools of pow'r, the ſlaves of int'reſt plann'd
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd
Thoſe wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cauſe,
Gave up our liberties, and ſold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanneſs where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her ſores corruption ſpread,

Her iron arm when ſtern Oppreſſion rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad baſe ſhaken, fear'd
The ſcourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain?
Is this the Land, where, in thoſe worſt of times,
The hardy poet rais'd his honeſt rhimes
To dread rebuke, and bade controulment ſpeak
In guilty bluſhes on the villain's cheek;
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muſe who fear'd not Law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow ſouls,
Whom Folly guides, and Prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowſy tract of buſineſs trode,
Worſhip their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one muſty ſet of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by ſyſtem fools;
Who, form'd to dulneſs from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Goſpel truth;
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their ſtock of faith in News;
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like theſe,
Whom Reaſon ſcorns, and I ſhould bluſh to pleaſe,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verſe a crime,
And hold not truth, as truth, if told in rhime?

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary grown
In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own,
By ſlow degrees, and courſe of office drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worſt of curſes Heav'n can ſend)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,

Erring by form, which blockheads ſacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my ſpirit, bids the daring Muſe
Subjects more equal to her weakneſs chuſe;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble ſwains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious ſtrains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,
Along the Church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Maſon on the firſt of May;
"All ſacred is the name and pow'r of kings,
"All States and Stateſmen are thoſe mighty things
"Which, howſoe'er they out of courſe may roll,
"Were never made for Poets to controul."

Peace, peace, thou Dotard! nor thus vilely deem
Of ſacred numbers, and their pow'r blaſpheme;
I tell thee, wretch! ſearch all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no ſubject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whoſe weight
The Poet cannot riſe and hold his ſtate.
The bleſſed ſaints above in numbers ſpeak
The praiſe of God, tho' there all praiſe is weak;
In numbers here below the Bard ſhall teach,
Virtue to ſoar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, ſtrain his hoarſe throat,
And raiſe his voice beyond the trumpet's note.
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of ſlaviſh principles, demand his pen,
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an Engliſh poet to purſue;
Undaunted to purſue, tho' in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And mean themselves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on them?
"What! shall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
"Without one badge of merit but his own,
"Great Nobles lash, and Lords, like common men,
"Smart from the vengeance of a Scribbler's pen?"

What's in the name of Lord, that we should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains,
Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Wouldst thou, proud man, be safely plac'd above
The censure of the Muse, deserve her love,
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir.
But if, regardless of the road to Fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of Shame;
If such thy life, that should thy Sire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,
Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth,

Once more, with ſhame and ſorrow 'mongſt the dead
In endleſs night to hide his rev'rend head;
If ſuch thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more,
Than ever King a ſcoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper ſpring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muſe ſhould drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy boſom bare
To the keen queſtion of the ſearching air.

Gods! with what pride I ſee the titled ſlave,
Who ſmarts beneath the ſtroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at eaſe, and with diſhoneſt art
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' deſpite to keep his chair,
Whilſt on his trembling lip pale Anger ſpeaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of Conſcience, which good men ſecures
From all thoſe evil moments guilt endures,
And ſeems to laugh at thoſe, who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.
'Satire, whilſt envy and ill-humour ſway
'The mind of man, muſt always make her way,
'Nor to a boſom, with diſcretion fraught,
'Is all her malice worth a ſingle thought,
'The wiſe have not the will, nor fools the pow'r
'To ſtop her headſtrong courſe; within the hour,
'Left to herſelf, ſhe dies; oppoſing Strife,
'Gives her freſh vigour, and prolongs her life;
'All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
'I can no patent for exemption claim,

"Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
"Which plays around, but cannot wound my
"heart,
"Tho' pointed at myself, by Satire free;
"To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."

Dissembling wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;
There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach.
Lives there a man whom Satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
When Satire flies abroad on Falshood's wing,
Short in her life indeed, and dull her sting;
But when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
And even by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

Hast Thou no feeling yet? Come, throw off
pride,
And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
S——, who, from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth,
Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanness led the way,
Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Those actions, which he blush'd not to commit;
Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course,
Carries me back to times, when Poets, bless'd
With courage, grac'd the Science they profess'd;
When they, in Honour rooted, firmly stood
The bad to punish, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by Public Virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom they to justice brought,
And dar'd expose those slaves, who dar'd support
A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court.
Ah! What are Poets now? as slavish those
Who deal in Verse, as those who deal in Prose.
Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,
In whom true worth, and real spirit's found?
The slaves of Booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baser chains) vile pensioners of state;
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
Others, half-palsied only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollet write, makes Johnson dumb.
Why turns yon villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward abash'd, when Murphy passes by?
Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take?
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's sake?
No, No—like other worldlings, you will find
He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind:
His soul the shock of Int'rest can't endure;
Give him a pension then, and sin secure.

With laurel'd wreathes the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, but Vice exalt her horn,

Bid cowards thrive, put honesty to flight,
Murphy shall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou State-juggler, every paultry art,
Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make way
Into my breast, and flatter to betray;
Or, if those tricks are vain; if wholesome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out;
Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On Authors for defence, for praise depend;
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he shall ready stand with venal rhimes
To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes;
To make corruption in false colours shine,
And damn his own good name, to rescue thine.

But if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
And vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice, and juster thought,
Shunning his steps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend, who stoops so low
To be the base betrayer of a foe;
What tho' with thine together link'd his name
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain, whence sedition springs;
To slander government, and libel Kings,

With Freedom's name to ſerve a preſent hour,
Tho' born, and bred to arbitrary pow'r;
To talk of William with inſidious art,
Whilſt a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
And, whilſt mean Envy rears her loathſome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuſe the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a city-coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not puniſhment,
And that old, ſtaunch whig Beardmore ſtanding by,
Can in full court give that report the lie.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to ſupport,
Half Scotch, half Engliſh, a declining court;
To make moſt glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond diſpute, that black is white;
To make firm Honour tamely league with ſhame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be ſav'd muſt mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All oppoſites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren ſtock;
He, far beyond the ſprings of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In wedlock's ſacred bands joins man to man;
And, to complete the whole, moſt ſtrange, but true,
By ſome rare magic, makes them fruitful too;

Whilſt from their loins, in the due courſe of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's Engliſh Peers.

Doſt Thou contrive ſome blacker deed of ſhame,
Something which Nature ſhudders but to name;
Something which makes the ſoul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her ſeat?
Doſt Thou contrive, for ſome baſe private end,
Some ſelfiſh view, to hang a truſting friend,
To lure him on, even on his parting breath,
And promiſe life, to work him ſurer death?
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face;
Behold, a Parſon at thy elbow ſtands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The atheiſt Chaplain of an atheiſt Lord.

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed
Ere it was known that I ſhould learn to read,
Tho' that was nothing; for my friends, who knew
What mighty Dulneſs of itſelf could do,
Never deſign'd me for a working prieſt,
But hop'd I ſhould have been a Dean at leaſt;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men
To whom I pledge the ſervice of my pen,)
Condemn'd (whilſt proud, and pamper'd ſons of
Cram'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn) [law
In pomp of rev'rend begg'ry to appear,
To pray, and ſtarve on forty pounds a year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forſook the packhorſe road,

Whilſt Virtue to my conduct witneſs bears
In throwing off that gown, which Francis wears.

What Creature's that, ſo very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet ſo briſk; ſo wond'rous ſweet,
So fit to prattle at a Lady's feet;
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Truſt not to looks, nor credit outward ſhow;
The villain lurks beneath the caſſoc'd beau;
That's an infomer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.

His tongue is deadly—from his preſence run,
Unleſs thy rage would wiſh to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And Fear alone reſtrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monſter is ſo fell,
Nor is ſo ſure a blood-hound found in hell.
His ſilken ſmiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour plauſible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's eaſier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a ſurer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The preacher is a Chriſtian dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
Chriſt is laid by neglected on the ſhelf,
And the vile Prieſt is Goſpel to himſelf.

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacoo bred,
(Blacoo, whom by a brave reſentment led,

Oxford, if Oxford had not ſunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlaſting ſhame)
Their ſteps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue loſt, to Vice alone he wakes;
Moſt luſciouſly declaims 'gainſt luſcious themes,
And, whilſt he rails at blaſphemy, blaſphemes.
Are theſe the arts which Policy ſupplies?
Are theſe the ſteps by which grave churchmen riſe?
Forbid it Heav'n; or, ſhould it turn out ſo,
Let me, and mine, continue mean and low.
Such be their arts, whom Intereſt controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honeſt ſouls.
We ſcorn preferment which is gain'd by Sin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

THE

DUELLIST.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK I.

THE Clock ſtruck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe;
Morpheus, his feet with velvet ſhod,
Treading, as if in fear he trode,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.

Ambition, who, when waking dreams
Of mighty, but fantaſtic ſchemes;
Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
Was building caſtles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair;
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale Study, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading, but with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midſt plenty, with a face
Which might the Court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.

Jealouſy, his quick eye half-clos'd,
With watching worn, reluctant doz'd,
And, mean Diſtruſt not quite forgot,
Slumber'd, as if he ſlumber'd not.

Stretch'd at his length, on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring sleeping round,
Snor'd restless Labour; by his side
Lay Health, a coarse, but comely bride.

Virtue, without the Doctor's aid,
In the soft arms of Sleep was laid,
Whilst Vice, within the guilty breast,
Could not be physick'd into rest.

Thou bloody Man! whose ruffian knife
Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
And never scruples to descend
Into the bosom of a friend,
A firm, fast friend, by vice allied,
And to thy secret service tied,
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly secur'd from law;
Thou Man of Lust! whom passion fires
To foulest deeds, whose hot desires
O'er honest bars with ease make way,
Whilst Ideot Beauty falls a prey,
And, to indulge thy brutal flame,
A Lucrece must be brought to shame.
Who dost, a brave, bold sinner bear,
Rank incest to the open air,
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down;
Thou Simular of Lust! vain man,
Whose restless thoughts still form the plan
Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeless nerves can't execute;
Whilst in thy marrowless, dry bones,
Desire without Enjoyment groans;

Thou perjur'd Wretch! whom Falſhood clothes,
Even like a garment, who with oaths
Doſt trifle, as with brokers, meant
To ſerve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the day's broad and ſearching eye
Making God witneſs to a lie,
Blaſpheming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
And hanging friends to ſave thyſelf;
Thou Son of Chance! whoſe glorious ſoul
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with Honour caught,
Nor on poor Virtue loſt one thought;
Who doſt thy Wife, thy Children ſet,
Thy All upon a ſingle bet,
Riſquing, the deſp'rate ſtake to try,
Here and hereafter on a die;
Who, thy own private fortune loſt,
Doſt game on at thy country's coſt,
And, grown expert in ſharping rules,
Firſt fool'd thyſelf, now prey'ſt on fools;
Thou Noble Gameſter! whoſe high place
Gives too much credit to diſgrace,
Who, with the motion of a die,
Doſt make a mighty iſland fly,
The ſums, I mean, of good French gold
For which a mighty iſland ſold;
Who doſt betray intelligence,
Abuſe the deareſt confidence,
And, private fortune to create,
Moſt falſely play the game of State;
Who doſt within the Alley ſport
Sums, which might beggar a whole court.

And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
With good Earl Talbot, was not there;
Thou daring Infidel! whom Pride
And Sin have drawn from Reaſon's ſide,
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Doſt wiſh not to believe a God;
Whoſe hope is founded on a plan,
Which ſhould diſtract the ſoul of man,
And make him curſe his abject birth;
Whoſe hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to ly down for worms a feaſt,
To rot and periſh like a beaſt;
Who doſt, of puniſhment afraid,
And by thy crimes a coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous ſoul a curſe,
Than Hell and all her torments worſe,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on Deſtruction as a friend,
Chuſing to crumble into duſt
Rather than riſe, tho' riſe thou muſt;
Thou Hypocrite! who doſt profane,
And take the Patriot's name in vain,
Then moſt thy country's foe, when moſt
Of Love and Loyalty you boaſt;
Who for the filthy love of gold,
Thy Friend, thy King, thy God haſt ſold,
And, mocking the juſt claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyſelf would'ſt ſell;
Ye villains! of whatever name
Whatever rank, to whom the claim
Of Hell is certain, on whoſe lids,
That worm which never dies, forbids

Sweet Sleep to fall, Come and behold,
Whilſt Envy makes your blood run cold;
Behold, by pitileſs Conſcience led,
So Juſtice wills, that holy bed,
Where peace her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with Holland ſleeps.
Bid Terror, poſting on the wind,
Affray the Spirits of mankind,
Bid Earthquakes heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And forcing an untimely birth
Thro' the vaſt bowels of the Earth,
Endeavour, in her monſtrous womb,
At once all Nature to entomb;
Bid all that's horrible, and dire,
All that man hates and fears conſpire,
To make night hideous, as they can;
Still is thy ſleep, thou virtuous Man,
Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breaſt
Inhabit, and enſure thy reſt;
Still ſhall thy Ayliff, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly Juſtice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian Angel, ſpread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.
Dark was the Night, by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundation ſhake;
Might tear up Freedom by the root,
Deſtroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.
Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The ſky in ſullen drops of rain

Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid his boſom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning ſtream'd;
The Owl at Freedom's window ſcream'd,
The Screech-Owl, prophet dire, whoſe breath
Brings ſickneſs, and whoſe note is death;
The church-yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All ſad and ſilent thro' the gloom,
The ghoſts of men in former times
Whoſe public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant ſtalk'd; Sorrow and Rage
Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
Sidney by grief from Heav'n was kept,
And for his brother Patriot wept:
All Friends of Liberty, when Fate
Prepar'd to ſhorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, Liberty! a glorious word,
In other countries ſcarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of courſe,
Without or energy or force:
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, ſhe ſprings,
Far, far beyond the reach of Kings,
Freſh blooming from our mother Earth,
With pride and joy ſhe owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breaſts her genius burn:
Bids us with all thoſe bleſſings live,
Which Liberty alone can give,

Or nobly with that ſpirit die,
Which makes Death more than Victory.

Hail thoſe old Patriots, on whoſe tongue
Perſuaſion in the Senate hung,
While they this ſacred cauſe maintain'd;
Hail thoſe old Chiefs, to Honour train'd,
Who ſpread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall men like theſe unmention'd ſleep
Promiſcuous with the common heap,
And (Gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the ſtream of Time
In ſhoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's ſtream, like flags to rot?
No—they ſhall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on honour's baſis, faſt
As the round earth to ages laſt.
Some Virtues vaniſh with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himſelf, his ſcythe thrown by,
Himſelf loſt in eternity,
An everlaſting crown ſhall twine,
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.

But ſhould ſome ſlave-got Villain dare
Chains for his country to prepare,
And, by his birth to ſlav'ry broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke;
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongſt bad men be rank'd the worſt;
May he be ſtill himſelf, and ſtill
Go on in vice, and perfect ill;

May his broad crimes each day increaſe,
Till he can't live nor die in peace;
May he be plung'd ſo deep in ſhame,
That S—— mayn't endure his name,
And hear, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
His children curſe him for their birth;
May Liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be ſtill a ſlave,
Grant him wnat here he moſt requires,
And damn him with his own deſires!

But ſhould ſome Villain in ſupport
And zeal for a deſpairing court,
Placing in Craft his confidence,
And making Honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepeſt ſhame,
Whilſt filthy lucre is his aim;
Should ſuch a Wretch, with ſword or knife,
Contrive to practice 'gainſt the life
Of one, who honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious ſtand;
Whoſe chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain Truth at ſuch a time
May dare her ſentiments to tell)
That he his country loves too well;
May he,—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to ſpeak——
May he—— O for a noble curſe
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the MARTIN of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road a temple stood:
Ancient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side,
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, most unsound,
Some rotten to the heart, aloof,
Seem'd to support the tott'ring roof,
But, to inspection nearer laid,
Instead of giving, wanted aid.

The Structure, rare and curious, made,
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all
Was suffer'd into dust to fall;
Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,
A crime, which arts would treason hold,
To mention with those names of old.

Builders, who had the pile ſurvey'd,
And thoſe not Flitcrofts in their trade,
Doubted (the wiſe hand in a doubt
Merely ſometimes to hand his out)
Whether (like churches in a brief,
Taught wiſely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this, and other charities)
It muſt not, in all parts unſound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (tho' after ages ne'er
Shall raiſe a building to compare)
Art, if they ſhould their art employ,
Meant to preſerve, might not deſtroy.
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd, and haſting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art deſpair,
Cannot thoſe very med'cines bear,
Which, and which only can reſtore,
And make them healthy as before.
To Liberty, whoſe gracious ſmile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the iſle,
Our grateful anceſtors, her plain,
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.
Full in the Front, ſtretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her ſtrength
In ſpring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave Fathers us'd to train
Their ſons to arms, to teach the art
Of War, and ſteel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurſe when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had ſtrung:

Abſtinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they firſt drew breath,
The beſt of Doctors, with plain food
Kept pure the channel of their blood:
Health in their cheeks bade colour riſe,
And Glory ſparkled in their eyes.

The inſtruments of Husbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place ſupply'd.
Their arrows to the head they drew,
Swift to the point their javelins flew:
They graſp'd the ſword, they ſhook the ſpear,
Their fathers felt a pleaſing fear,
And even Courage, ſtanding by,
Scarcely beheld with ſteady eye.
Each ſtripling, leſſen'd by his ſire,
Knew when to cloſe, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was Himſelf a War.

Their Wives, their Mothers all around,
Careleſs of order, on the ground
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And, for a Son's or Husband's brow,
With eager fingers Laurel wove;
Laurel, which in the ſacred grove
Planted by Liberty they find,
The brows of Conquerors to bind,
To give them Pride and Spirits, fit
To make a world in arms ſubmit.

What raptures did the boſom fire
Of the young, rugged, peaſant ſire,
When, from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of Night,
He ſaw his babe reſign the breaſt,
And, ſmiling, ſtroke thoſe arms in jeſt,
With which hereafter he ſhall make
The proudeſt heart in Gallia quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honeſt pride,
Did each fond, wiſhing, ruſtic bride,
Behold her manly ſwain return!
How did her love-ſick boſom burn,
Tho' on Parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleaſure height'ning all her charms,
She ſtrain'd her warrior in her arms.
And begg'd, whilſt Love and Glory fire,
A Son, a Son juſt like his Sire!

Such were the Men, in former times,
Ere Luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter puniſhment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign ſhore;
Such were the Men, who, free from dread,
By Edwards, and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains:
Such were the Men, when luſt of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from thoſe ways
On which a King ſhould ſound his praiſe,
When ſtern Oppreſſion, hand in hand
With Pride, ſtalk'd proudly thro' the land;

When weeping Juſtice was miſled
From her fair courſe, and Mercy dead;
Such were the Men, in Virtue ſtrong,
Who dar'd not ſee their Country's wrong,
Who left the mattock, and the ſpade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arms, departing took
Their helpleſs babes, and with a look,
Stern and determin'd, ſwore to ſee
Thoſe babes no more, or ſee them free;
Such were the Men, whom Tyrant Pride
Could never faſten to his ſide
By threats or bribes, who, freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with ſcorn;
Who, free from ev'ry ſervile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad gen'ral Law, which Senſe
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent ſtations riſe;
Could never be to ſlav'ry led,
For Property was at their head.
Such were the Men, in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her temple, on the ſacred green
In Martial paſtimes oft were ſeen—
Now ſeen no longer—in their ſtead,
To lazineſs and vermin bred,
A race, who ſtrangers to the cauſe
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
In other motives fight, a prey
To intereſt, and ſlaves for pay.

Valour (how glorious on a plan
Of Honour founded?) leads their van;
Diſcretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but reſolv'd, brings up their rear,
Diſcretion, Valour's better half;
Dependence holds the Gen'ral's ſtaff.

In plain and home-ſpun garb array'd,
Not for vain ſhew, but ſervice made,
In a green flouriſhing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an Equipage,
In rules of Porterage untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the Temple door;
Full on his breaſt a glaſs he wore,
Thro' which his boſom open lay
To ev'ry one who paſs that way.
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full fat face
Which on the houſe reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honeſt glee,
The Steward Hoſpitality,
Old Welcome, ſmiling by his ſide,
A good, old ſervant, often tried
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'reſt too;
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her ſtate aground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern uſe) Reſign'd.

Half-ſtarv'd, half-ſtarving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Deteſted, and deteſting all,
Made up of Avarice, and Gall,
Boaſting great thrift, yet waſting more
Than ever Steward did before,
Succeeding one, who to engage
The praiſe of an exhauſted age,
Aſſum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himſelf Oeconomy.

Within the Temple, full in ſight,
Where, without ceaſing day and night,
The workmen toil'd, where Labour bar'd
Her brawny arm, where Art prepar'd
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a Printing-preſs aroſe;
Each workman knew his taſk, and each
Was honeſt, and expert as Leach.

Hence Learning ſtruck a deeper root,
And Science brought forth riper fruit;
Hence Loyalty receiv'd ſupport,
Even when baniſh'd from the Court;
Hence Government was ſtrength; and hence
Religion ſought, and found defence;
Hence England's faireſt fame aroſe,
And Liberty ſubdu'd her foes.

On a low, ſimple, turf-made throne,
Rais'd by Allegiance, ſcarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that Equality

She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd
Safely consist with social good,
The Goddess sat; around her head
A cheerful radiance Glory spread;
Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovelily stern, possess'd a place
On her left-hand; and on her right,
Sat Honour, cloath'd with robes of light;
Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which some great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt, was offic'd to explain,
And make the basis of her reign;
Peace, crown'd with Olive, to her breast
Two smiling, twin-born infants prest;
At her feet couching, War was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd:
Justice and Mercy, hand in hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And truth walk'd all about at large;
Health, for the royal troop the feast,
Prepar'd, and Virtue was High-priest.

Such was the fame our Gooddess bore;
Her temple such in days of yore.
What changes ruthless Time presents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd; her nodding spires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,
Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herself (by Ministerial arts
Depriv'd even of the people's hearts

Whilſt they, to work her ſurer woe,
Feign her to Monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
With ſome poor Hermit in a cell;
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If ſhe walks forth, ſhe walks unknown,
Hooted, and pointed at with ſcorn,
As one in ſome ſtrange country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of ſpoilers, ſeize her place;
With looks which might the heart diſ-ſeat,
And make like ſound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A ſtaunch, old Bloodhound at their head,
Who, free from Virtue and from Awe,
Knew none but the bad part of Law,
They rov'd at large; each, on his breaſt
Mark'd with a Grey-hound, ſtood confeſt.
Controulment waited on their nod
High wielding Perſecution's rod;
Confuſion follow'd at their heels,
And a caſt Stateſman held the Seals,
Thoſe Seals, for which he dear ſhall pay,
When awful Juſtice takes her day.

The Printers ſaw—they ſaw and fled—
Science, declining, hung her head;
Property in deſpair appear'd,
And for herſelf deſtruction fear'd;
Whilſt, under-foot, the rude ſlaves trod
The works of Men, and word of God;
Whiſt, cloſe behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,

Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A bold, bad man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do miſchief) ſet his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Goſpel ſtamp'd an L.

Liberty fled, her Friends withdrew,
Her Friends, a faithful, choſen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Clothing herſelf with Honour's name,
Uſurp'd his ſtation; on the throne,
Which Liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods! that ſuch mighty ills ſhould ſpring,
Under ſo great, ſo good a King:
So Lov'd, ſo Loving, thro' the arts
Of Stateſmen, curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For every darker purpoſe fit,
Behold in triumph State-craft ſit.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

AH Me! what mighty perils wait
The Man who meddles with a State,
Whether to ſtrengthen, or oppoſe!
Falſe are his friends, and firm his foes.
How muſt his ſoul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from ſin to ſin!
What toils he ſuffers, what diſgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Muſt he in jeſt or earneſt fight,
Riſquing for thoſe both life and limb,
Who would not riſque one groat for him!

Under the Temple lay a Cave,
Made by ſome guilty, coward ſlave,
Whoſe actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways
Not to be found without a clue:
One paſſage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in ſecret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and ſlaves about her,
Nor fear'd leſt Honeſty ſhould rout her.

In a dark corner ſhunning ſight
Of Man, and ſhrinking from the light,

One dull dim taper thro' the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkneſs, ſhe prepares,
Working unſeen, all kinds of ſnares,
With curious, but deſtructive art:
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,
Gay ſtars their tinſel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a Lord;
There, fit for all whom folly breed,
Weave plumes of feathers for the head:
Garters the Hag contrives to make,
Which, as it ſeems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and ſure than chains of ſteel,
Which, ſlipp'd juſt underneath the knee,
Forbid a Freeman to be free:
Purſes ſhe knew (did ever curſe
Travel more ſure than in a purſe?)
Which, by ſome ſtrange and magic bands,
Enſlave the ſoul, and tie the hands.

Here Flatt'ry, eldeſt born of Guile,
Weaves with rare ſkill the ſilken ſmile,
The courtly cringe, the ſupple bow,
The private ſqueeze, the Levee vow,
With which no ſtrange or recent caſe,
Fools *in* deceive Fools *out* of place.

Corruption (who, in former times
Thro' fear or ſhame conceal'd her crimes,
And what ſhe did, contiv'd to do it
So that the Public might not view it)

Presumptuous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her business might
Be done as safe as in the night.

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning some dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which stood,
All fresh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By treason borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
By which, since they improv'd in trade,
Excisemen have their lanthorns made.
Assassination, her whole mind
Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd.
Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
And held forth instruments of blood,
Vile instruments, which cowards chuse,
But men of honour dare not use;
Around, his Lordship and his Grace,
Both qualified for such a place,
With many a Forbes, and many a Dun,
Each a resolv'd, and pious Son,
Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd
As she around her orders shar'd,
Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
And bid the destin'd victim die,
Posting on Villainy's black wing,
Whether he Patriot is, or King.

Oppression, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the most a rev'rend awe
To breed, usurp'd the garb of Law.

A Book she held on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, when seem'd to rise
Joy in her breast; a book, of might
Most wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and, without help of laws,
Could make the worse the better cause.
She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd;
She wish'd, and what she wish'd, believ'd,
To make that book for ever stand
The rule of wrong through all the land:
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote;
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter lesson, N—'s Creed.
Ready, even with a look, to run,
Fast as the coursers of the Sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-starv'd Greyhounds took their stand:
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a most antient Castle stood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And soldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote the Tow'r; but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's seal,
In bloody letters, The Bastile.

Around a Table, fully bent
On mischief of most black intent,
Deeply determin'd that their reign
Might longer last, to work the bane
Of one firm Patriot, whose heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,

And brought thoſe actions into light
They wiſh'd to have conceal'd in night.
Begot, born, bred to infamy,
A Privy-council ſat of Three;
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour'd thro' the land of Bute.

The Firſt entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
Who never let occaſion ſlip
To take right-hand of fellowſhip,
And was ſo proud, that ſhould he meet
The twelve Apoſtles in the ſtreet,
He'd turn his noſe up at them all,
And ſhove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was ſo mean (Meanneſs and Pride
Still go together ſide by ſide)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a ſtirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind;
Who baſely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For Patrons firſt, then for a Wife;
Wrote Dedications which muſt make
The heart of ev'ry Chriſtian quake;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him as before
His God he left, and drawn by Pride,
(Shifted about to t'other ſide)
Was by his ſire a Parſon made,
Merely to give the Boy a trade;
But he himſelf was thereto drawn
By ſome faint omens of the lawn.

And on the truly Chriſtian plan,
To make himſelf a Gentleman,
A title, in which form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when ſhe made him.

The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them as all wiſe men do,
With an intent, if things ſhould turn,
Rather to temporize than burn.
Goſpel and Loyalty were made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade.
Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wiſe,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, juſt like a glove;
All Gods, all Kings (let his great aim
Be anſwer'd) were to him the ſame.

A Curate firſt, he read and read,
And laid in, whilſt he ſhould have fed
The ſouls of his neglected flock,
Of reading ſuch a mighty ſtock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than ſhe could well contain,
More than ſhe was with ſpirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digeſted food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plow
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the Poet's Paraſite.

With Wits converſing (and Wits then
Were to be found 'mongſt Noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the ſame;
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with ſinners,
Herded with Infidels for dinners;
With ſuch an Emphaſis and Grace
Blaſphem'd, that Potter kept not pace:
He, in the higheſt reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry ſongs to a Pſalm tune,
Liv'd with Men infamous and vile,
Truc'd his ſalvation for a ſmile;
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh at man;
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.

To prove his Faith, which all admit
Is at leaſt equal to his Wit,
And make himſelf a Man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That even believers 'gan to doubt it;
He wrote too of the inward light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
And of that influencing grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place;
He wrote too of the Holy Ghoſt,
Of whom, no more than of a poſt
He knew; nor, ſhould an Angel ſhow him,
Would he or know, or chuſe to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt every ſcience
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t'advance his Maker's praiſe,
Comments on rhimes, and notes on plays;
And with an all-ſufficient air
Plac'd himſelf in the Critic's chair,
Uſurp'd o'er Reaſon full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain ſimple man of Law,
He arm'd dead friends, to Vengeance true,
T' abuſe the man they never knew.

Examine ſtrictly all mankind,
Moſt characters are mix'd we find,
And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the ſame breaſt to beat and burn.
Our Prieſt was an exception here,
Nor did one ſpark of grace appear,
Not one dull, dim ſpark in his ſoul;
Vice, glorious Vice poſſeſs'd the whole,
And, in her ſervice truly warm,
He was in ſin moſt uniform.

Injurious Satire own at leaſt
One ſniveling Virtue in the Prieſt,
One ſniveling Virtue which is plac'd,
They ſay, in or about the waiſt,
Call'd Chaſtity; the prudiſh dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife (and in theſe days
Wives ſeldom without reaſon praiſe)

Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And swears that Tom was vastly wild.

Ripen'd by a long course of years,
He great and perfect now appears:
In shape scarce of the human kind;
A Man, without a manly mind;
No Husband, tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No Father; injur'd, without end
A Foe; and, tho' oblig'd, no Friend;
A heart, which virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
A head, where Learning runs to waste;
A Gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Rests in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A Judge, a Genius, tho' confest
With not one spark of genius blest;
Amongst the first of Critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of taste;
A Christian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
A great Divine, as Lords agree,
Without the least divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with Church and Party-rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A false Saint, and true Hypocrite.

Next sat a Lawyer, often tried
In perilous extremes, when Pride

And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, ſtood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood:
This bold, bad man, aroſe to view,
And gave his hand to help them through;
Steel'd 'gainſt Compaſſion, as they paſt,
He ſaw poor Freedom breathe her laſt;
He ſaw her ſtruggle, heard her groan;
He ſaw her, helpleſs and alone,
Whelm'd in that ſtorm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By ſlaves leſs bold, himſelf had rais'd.

Bred to the Law, he from the firſt
Of all bad lawyers was the worſt.
Perfection (for bad men maintain)
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime;
He, for a prodigy deſign'd
To ſpread amazement o'er mankind,
Started, full ripen'd, all at once
A perfect Knave, and perfect Dunce.

Who will for him may boaſt of Senſe,
His better guard is impudence.
His front, with ten-fold plates of braſs
Secur'd, Shame never yet could paſs,
Nor on the ſurface of his ſkin,
Bluſh for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often, in contempt of laws,
To ſound the bottom of a cauſe,
To ſearch out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,

Hath he ta'en briefs on falſe pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of truſting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, even in open court,
Hath the wretch made his ſhame his ſport,
And laugh'd off, with a villain's eaſe,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees,
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had ſtruck a little villain dead?

Cauſes, whatever their import,
He undertakes to ſerve a court;
For he by heart this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect, what Law cannot.

Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius, yok'd with worth, appears,
His weak ſoul ſickens at the ſight,
And ſtrives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, ſo very loud,
He is an Angel with the crowd,
Whilſt he makes Juſtice hang her head,
And Judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that Nature, on a plan
Moſt intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the fool and wiſe,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain,
No entrance there ſuch ſuitors gain.
Bid kneeling Kings forſake the throne;
Bid at his feet his Country groan;

Bid Liberty ſtretch out her hands,
Religion plead her ſtronger bands;
Bid Parents, Children, Wife, and Friends,
If they come thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conſcience with her line
Chalk out their ways; ſuch ſtarving rules
Are only fit for coward fools,
Fellows who credit what prieſts tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;
His Spirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face to face.

Such was our Lawyer; by his ſide
In all bad qualities allied,
In all bad counſels, ſat a third,
By birth a Lord; O ſacred word!
O word moſt ſacred, whence men get
A privilege to run in debt;
Whence they at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her ſervant ſhame;
Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her courſe.

Conſult his perſon, dreſs, and air,
He ſeems, which ſtrangers well might ſwear,
The Maſter, or by Courteſy,
The Captain of a Coalliery.

Look at his viſage, and agree
Half-hang'd he ſeems, juſt from the tree
Eſcap'd; a rope may ſometimes break,
Or men be cut down by miſtake.

He hath not Virtue (in the ſchool
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule;
Nor hath he Senſe (which none can doubt
Who know the man) to live without.
His life is a continued ſcene
Of all that's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unleſs, grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice;
Nature deſign'd him, in a rage,
To be the Wharton of his age;
But, having given all the Sin,
Forgot to put the Virtues in.
To run a horſe, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tort'ring watchman down,
To ſweat a woman of the town,
By fits to keep the Peace, or break it,
In turn to give a pox or take it,
He is, in faith, moſt excellent,
And, in the World's moſt full intent,
A true choice ſpirit we admit;
With wits a fool, with fools a wit;
Hear him but talk, and you would ſwear
Obſcurity herſelf was there;
And that Profaneneſs had made choice,
By way of trump, to uſe his voice;

That in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at Billingſgate;
And that, aſcending to the earth
Before the ſeaſon of his birth,
Blaſphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his Mother's womb:
Too honeſt (for the worſt of men,
In forms are honeſt now and then)
Not to have, in the uſual way,
His bills ſent in; too great to pay:
Too proud to ſpeak to, if he meets
The honeſt tradeſman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whoſe weight
Earth groans, who hath been ſpar'd by Fate
Only to ſhew, on Mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.

Such was the Three, who, mocking ſleep,
At Midnight ſat, in Counſel deep,
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a head,
Whoſe wiſdom could not be miſled;
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a heart,
Which ne'er from Honour would depart.

" Is he not rank'd amongſt our foes?
" Hath not his ſpirit dar'd oppoſe
" Our deareſt meaſures, made our name
" Stand forward on the roll of ſhame?
" Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
" By ſcorning menaces and bribes,

" And proving, that his darling cauſe
" Is of their Liberties and Laws
" To ſtand the Champion? in a word,
" Nor need one argument be heard
" Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
" To quicken our reſolves, and ſteel
" Our ſteady ſouls to bloody bent,
" (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
" Each flatt'ring hope) he without fear,
" Hath dar'd to make the truth appear."

They ſaid, and, by reſentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought;
Each, bent on miſchief, rack'd his brain
To her full ſtretch, but rack'd in vain;
Scheme after ſcheme they brought to view;
All were examin'd; none would do.
When Fraud, with pleaſure in her face,
Forth iſſued from her hiding-place,
And at the table where they meet,
Firſt having bleſs'd them, took her ſeat.
" No trifling cauſe, my darling boys,
" Your preſent thoughts and cares employs;
" No common ſnare, no random blow
" Can work the bane of ſuch a foe,
" By nature cautious as he's brave,
" To Honour only he's a ſlave;
" In that weak part without defence,
" We muſt to Honour make pretence;
" That lure ſhall to his ruin draw
" The wretch, who ſtands ſecure in law.

" Nor think that I have idly plann'd
" This full-ripe ſcheme; behold, at hand,
" With three months training on his head,
" An inſtrument, whom I have bred,
" Born of theſe bowels, far from ſight
" Of Virtue's falſe but glaring light,
" My youngeſt born, my deareſt joy,
" Moſt like myſelf, my darling boy.
" He, never touch'd with vile remorſe,
" Reſolv'd and crafty in his courſe,
" Shall work our ends, complete our ſchemes,
" Moſt mine, when moſt he Honour's ſeems;
" Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
" So firm and full a ſlave of Fraud."

She ſaid; and from each envious Son
A diſcontented murmur run
Around the table; All in place
Thought his full praiſe their own diſgrace,
Wond'ring what ſtranger ſhe had got,
Who had one vice that they had not,
When ſtraight the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour to their view,
M———, the Duelliſt, came forth;
All knew, and all confeſt his worth;
All juſtified, with ſmiles array'd,
The happy choice their Dam had made.

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THE END OF VOLUME SECOND.